

Dramatic New Serial
by **JEAN MACLEOD**

No. 3315 OCTOBER 4th 1958

HOME CHAT

AND
WOMAN'S PICTORIAL

Price in
Australia,
New Zealand
and S. Africa.

your own 6d.

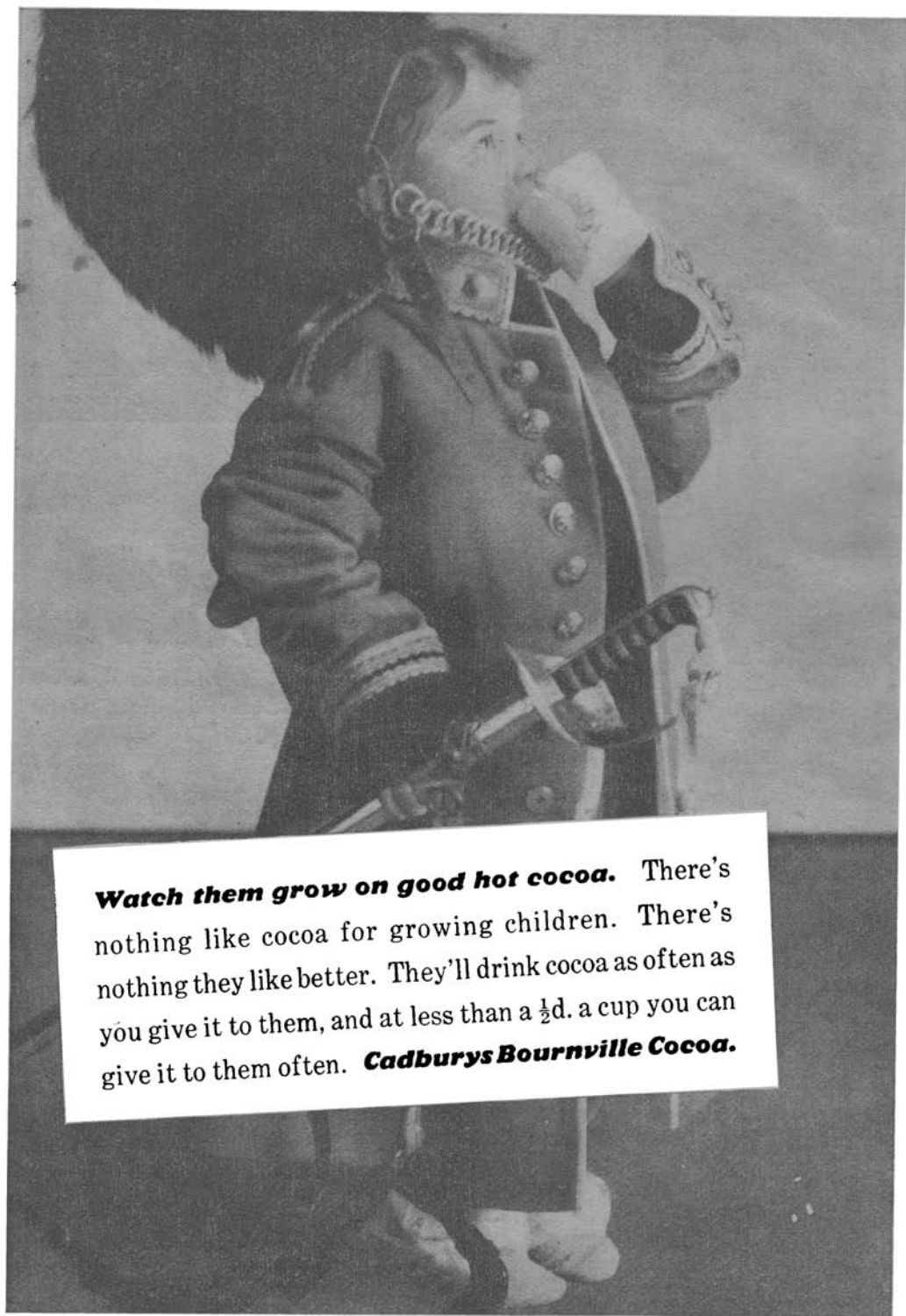
**SPECIAL
EXCLUSIVE
OFFER...**

TRACED MATERIAL AND
WOOLS TO MAKE OUR
CONTINENTAL

CUSHION COVER
FOR **10'6**

New Series By
EILEEN FOWLER
T.V. KEEP-FIT EXPERT

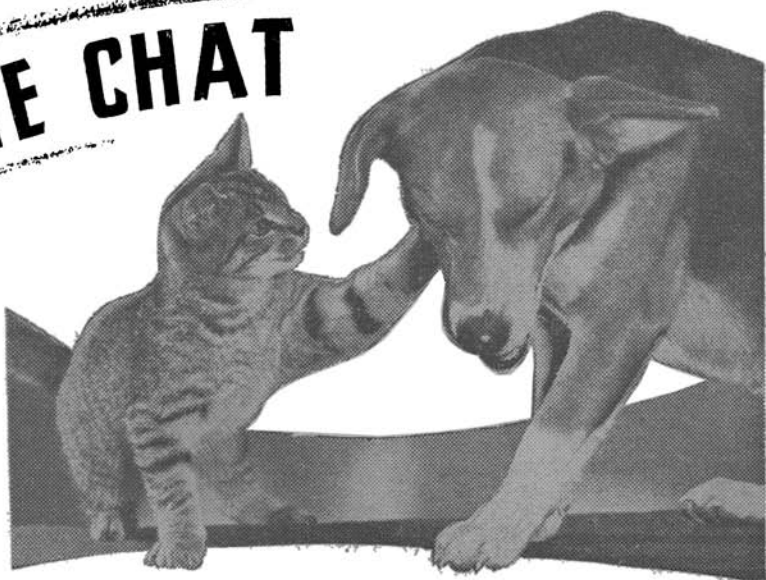
Photo: **ROLF WINQUIST**



Watch them grow on good hot cocoa. There's nothing like cocoa for growing children. There's nothing they like better. They'll drink cocoa as often as you give it to them, and at less than a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a cup you can give it to them often. **Cadburys Bournville Cocoa.**

HOME CHAT

and
Woman's Pictorial
October 4th, 1958



GAY little towelling hats to wear when you take your bath.

I HOPE you like our picture of Dignity and Impertinence as much as we did . . . Although one sometimes reads stories of appalling cruelty to animals, I'd always imagined that to-day we gave more thought to their comfort and welfare than ever before, and that in days gone by, people were thoughtless and indifferent to suffering in the animal kingdom. But the other day, I came upon some beautiful words, which were inserted in the Liturgy of the Church by Basil the Great before the year 308 A.D. They are :

And for these also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who with us bear the burden of the heat of the day, we entreat Thy great kindness of heart, for Thou has promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving kindness, O Master.

TALKING of animals, I'd like to recommend a delightfully illustrated book, "Devoted to Horses" by Frank Crew (Muller 6s.). The author of this book, which would make a charming present for any grown-up or child who loves horses, has given the royalties to the R.S.P.C.A. and Her Majesty the Queen has graciously accepted a copy.

WHAT makes a good hostess ? I think the little individual touches, that show she really gives thought to the comfort of her guests. The posy of flowers on the dressing-table ; the well-chosen books, that she knows you'll enjoy, on your bedside table ; the fact that she remembers you said how you adored steak-and-kidney pie last time . . . and serves it up again ! All little things, that add up to such a lot.

STAYING not long ago with the best hostess I know, I was surprised and delighted to find, along with my towels, a little towelling hat—to keep my hair dry in the bath. She's made an assortment of amusing little bath hats out of pastel-coloured terry towelling, and always provides her guests with one. Our artist has sketched three amusing versions. One, a mob cap. One, a cone-shaped hat, tied up at the top with a bow. And the other, what she calls the "pussy hat"—made from an envelope-shaped piece of towelling, with bows on either side to make the "ears." All of them have elastic round the edge to keep them anchored round the hairline.

CAROLINE.

The Gated

BEGINNING A DRAMATIC NEW SERIAL,
SET AGAINST THE STARK BEAUTY OF THE
CUMBERLAND FELS . . .

THERE were two letters for Jane that morning; the letter she wanted most, with Stephen's rather bold, distinguished-looking hand-writing singling it out, and one from her twin, Penny.

She had not expected a letter from Penny, who wrote short and cheerful epistles at week-ends, never aspiring to more than a couple of pages. It was curious, therefore, that this unexpected mid-week letter should contain so much.

Jane fingered the bulky envelope before she turned to Stephen's letter, wondering what Penny had enclosed with her characteristic little note.

The colour deepened in her cheeks as she opened her fiancé's letter, and her heart-beats quickened at the thought and comfort of his love. It was not a long letter, and it was chillingly to the point.

Janey, darling, he addressed her, as he always did, I've got to see you right away. There's something we have to talk about, and

ADAM DRUMMOND'S

firm mouth tightened into a hard line. He stood waiting silently—for an explanation Jane felt quite incapable of giving.



Road

BY
**JEAN
MACLEOD**

BETWEEN twins, there exists a strong feeling, so that Jane could not ignore her twin-sister's call for help, and found herself involved in a situation of drama and heartbreak.

I can't bring you all the way to London to say it. I'm coming north to see you. I shall be leaving here as soon as I post this, and hope to reach your isolated little hide-out some time to-morrow morning. Penny tells me it is quite remote, but I dare say I shall find it before lunch. I must be back here, in London, the following day—Friday—for a conference.

*Yours,
Stephen.*

Jane's heart recoiled as she put the letter down. There was something so stiff, so unlike Stephen, in the brief, calculated words, which amounted almost to a note of warning that he could not be coming all that way to impart good news.

Yet, how foolish that was! She tried to reassure herself, and to thrust the sense of impending disaster aside as she opened her sister's letter.

Her twin's letter was slightly incoherent at first. Penny was generally vague when she was excited about something, and Jane began to read, with a small frown pencilled between her brows, and a half-amused smile curving her lips.

This is all going to be a most devastating shock to you, Janey, the hurried scrawl announced, but it's something you've got to know. It's something neither of us could really help. Love is like that, I suppose, taking one unawares, making a havoc of one's life, sometimes. I don't know how it happened. Please believe me when I say that! It has all been so quick and un-



expected. *Maybe Stephen and I should have known, when we first met each other, how it would be in the end. I didn't like him much, if you remember. I thought he was too arrogant and sure of himself. But now it's different. You're not going to be able to forgive us easily for what we are doing to you, Janey, because I know you were in love with Stephen right from the beginning...*

The words swam and blurred before Jane's eyes. Stephen! Her Stephen! in love with someone else—in love with Penny!

Was this what Stephen wanted to tell her? That he loved Penny now? Penny who looked so much like her, but had no limp to spoil for him the perfection of her beauty!

The thought of meeting Stephen made her cringe inside. She couldn't bear to meet him. She would go away. She couldn't be here when he came! She wanted to creep away, to hide herself from further hurt, not to meet Stephen or to see him again.

Then, gradually, she knew that she had to see him. It was cowardly to run away. He was coming to offer her an explanation, and she had to stay and hear it, whatever it might do to her afterwards.

SHE hadn't seen him since the accident had shattered her ankle bone, and put an end to her dancing career.

He had been in America when she had left the hospital to come north to the cottage Sister Denning had lent her, and there had been only Penny to see her safely on to the train—Penny who had said that she would break the news to Stephen as best she could.

"I don't want you to break *anything* to Stephen!" Jane had cried sharply. "He knows about my foot, and I'm not crippled. It won't make any difference."

But suddenly, devastatingly, she was wondering if that was it—if Stephen—with his love of beauty... his tremendous zest for life and ambition... hadn't seen that she would inevitably be a drag on him, with her halting foot.

Stephen was an architect, who had drifted into interior decorating because, he confessed, with that lazy smile which she found so irresistible, it made him more money. He'd been designing ballet sets when they first met. She'd recognised without conceit that it was her striking colouring that had first drawn him to her at the crowded party they'd both been attending.

Sitting very still, she felt the seconds creep away endlessly and then, when she could sit no longer, she went out into the pale March sunshine to watch for the first sign of Stephen's car.

(Continued on page 34.)

IT'S NEW ..

WE bring you a **SUPERB OFFER...**

traced MATERIAL AND WOOLS

to work it in the easiest-ever embroidery,

and the price is only 10s. 6d.

WE'RE utterly thrilled this week because we have something to offer you that's new, that's unusual, that is, without exception, one of the easiest bits of embroidery we've ever chanced upon.

It's a new idea from the Continent and the moment we set eyes upon it we felt we just had to give you the chance to have it.

To say this embroidery is the "easiest ever" is no exaggeration... anyone, even someone who hasn't done any embroidery at all, could do this. It is certainly the perfect work to do when you're watching television.

So here we offer you this cushion cover, cut out in cream dobby rayon fabric, size 40 by 21 inches, traced with the Continental design, and the thick wool in rust, yellow, green and ivory, to work it, and a needle, too.

Couching is the nearest description we can give you of the embroidery, for strands of the thick wool are laid flat on the material and caught down with contrasting colours. The wool is used lavishly and gives a very rich effect.

The fringing, by the way, is as easily made as the embroidery is worked, and the special beauty of this design is that it looks so well in all kinds of rooms, and the colours we've chosen will blend with so many colour-schemes.

The cushion cover materials come to you packed in a polythene bag, complete with needle, and detailed instructions—not that you'll need many!

"HOME CHAT" CUSHION PACK OFFER.

Please send me pack(s). I enclose
Postal Order (or Cheque) value
(10s. 6d. for each pack).

Name.....

Address.....

If undelivered, please return to "Home Chat,"
Cushion Pack Offer, Bear Alley, Farringdon
Street, London, E.C.4.

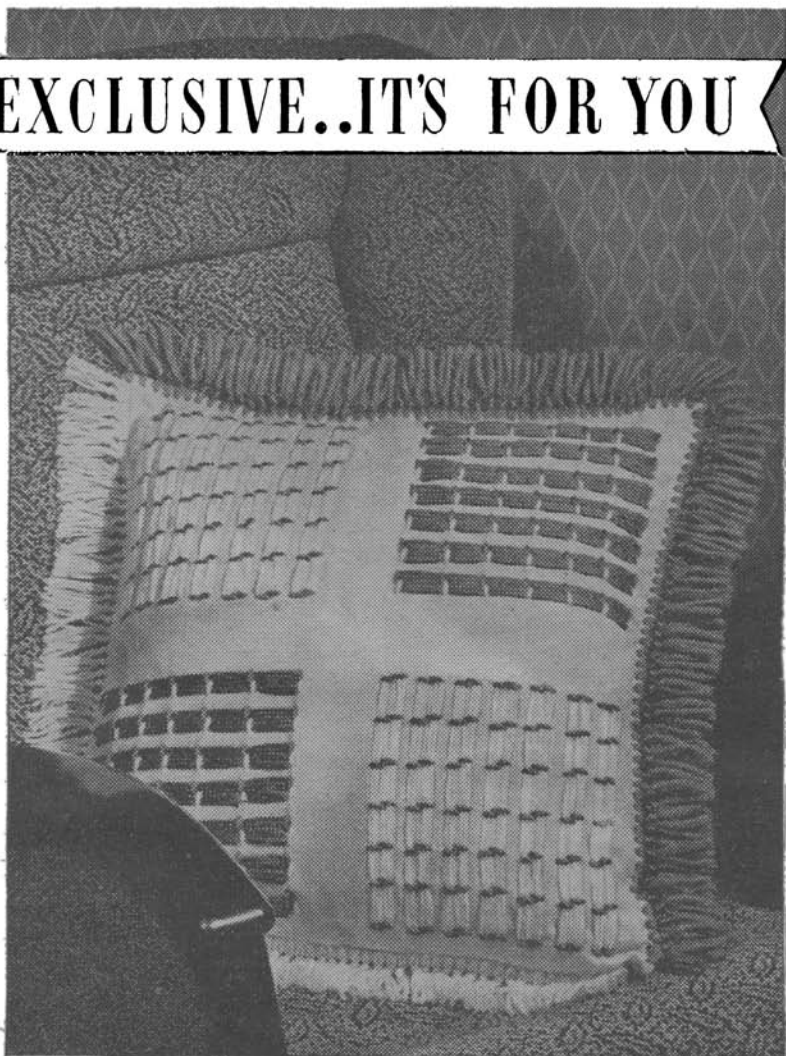
..IT'S EXCLUSIVE..IT'S FOR YOU



As a cushion cover, or made up as a complete cushion, here's the perfect Christmas present, and though it hardly seems possible, Christmas is rapidly drawing near! And there are all the long, winter evenings ahead of you, when there'll be nothing pleasanter you could do, than sit by the fire working a cushion cover for yourself or a friend!

Below we set out in detail what each cushion pack contains, and how to order details.

There is sure to be a big demand for this offer, so get down to the Post Office and send off right away!



WHAT THE CUSHION PACK CONTAINS

One traced flat cushion (not made up) on cream dobby rayon material, size 40 inches by 21 inches. Four ounces of thick wool in rust, yellow, green and ivory.

This is all packed in a polythene bag, complete with needle.

PRICE TO READERS—10s. 6d.

HOW TO ORDER

Fill in the coupon which we give you on the

facing page in **INK AND BLOCK LETTERS**, and send it to this address:

HOME CHAT CUSHION OFFER,
The Amalgamated Press, Ltd.,
Bear Alley, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

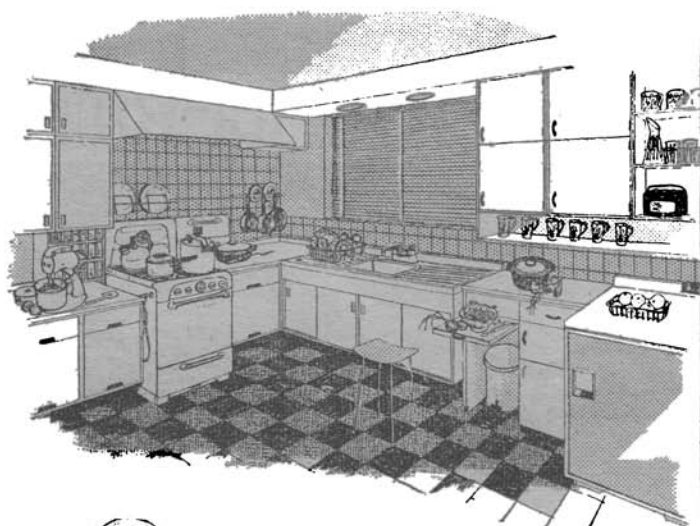
Enclose your Postal Order or Cheque, crossed / & Co./ and made payable to The Amalgamated Press, Ltd.

* * *

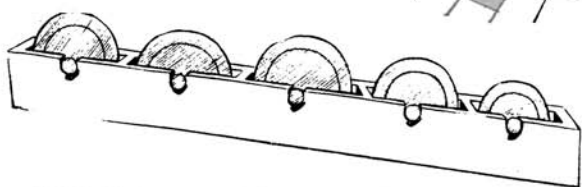
We regret that, owing to Customs Regulations, this offer must be limited to readers in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

A CONTINENTAL CUSHION PACK FOR 10s. 6d.

October 4th, 1958



WHEN you're five foot two or under, you may find that the average height of working surfaces on kitchen units, cookers, etc., isn't right for you. The answer, then, is to choose units that can be hung from the wall... so that they can be suspended at whatever height you want, as you see in this sketch of a kitchen on show some time ago at an exhibition in London's Design Centre. This well-planned kitchen is built up mainly of suspended units. On the left of the cooker is a storage and preparation area. Another working surface is provided between cooker and sink, and the ventilated cupboard gives storage for vegetables and a working surface for preparing them.



A PRACTICAL saucepan lid rack—we tell you here how to make it.

A SAUCEPAN lid holder is the most useful thing to have if, as I do, you keep your saucepans, turned down, on a shelf. Here is how to make it.

The materials required are:

Two lengths of wood (for the front and back) of an inch thick and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. To find the length of these two pieces, measure the diameter of each lid to be held in the rack, allowing for an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch at each end and 1-inch space between the lids.

Also a length of wood $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick, and long enough to cut into as many $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces ("spacers"), as there are lids. If the lids are very deep, it may be necessary to make these spacers 2 inches from front to back.

Wood glue and nails.

Take the front and back lengths, lay them side by side, and mark on them the lid positions.

Now, cut the other length of wood into $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces ("spacers"); measure the depth of the largest lid to make sure this is wide enough. A piece is needed for every lid plus an extra one.

The front of the rack can be shaped to take the knobs, or it can be left plain and the knobs or handles can rest on the top edge.

Give all the pieces a rub-over with sandpaper. First glue, then nail in position a "spacer" at each end between the front and back pieces, and one to divide off each lid position.

Drill two holes in the back of the rack, near the top, to take the screws to fix it to the wall.

Finish off the rack with a coat of paint to match the kitchen colour scheme.

About

HOLIDAYING on the Continent, you've seen how popular are contemporary mosaic tiles. Mosaic work originated in Italy, of course, dating from the Byzantine civilization; through the years it kept its popularity, and then contemporary mosaic became the fashion there. The craze spread to Germany and Switzerland, where these little tiles are used a great deal both for outside and inside décor. Until recently, Britain has been using this kind of thing more for outside decoration than in the house, mainly because of the cost involved and the skill needed to assemble and fix the tiling.

Now however, someone has evolved contemporary mosaic tile panels that make it possible to have mosaics in the home for only a fraction of the previous cost. The little tiles are made of Polystyrene—a form of plastic—and 256 of them, arranged in patterns and beautifully lined up, are mounted on a special fabric backing to form twelve inch squares or panels.

The fabric backing makes these "Plysu" panels flexible, so that they can be fitted easily round corners and curved surfaces. It's perfectly simple to cut the panels to the desired shape and size to fit any area, by snipping through the fabric backing, between the rows of tiles, with scissors. If you should want to cut through the tiles themselves, this can be done quite easily with pliers. And, when necessary, they can be drilled to take screws.

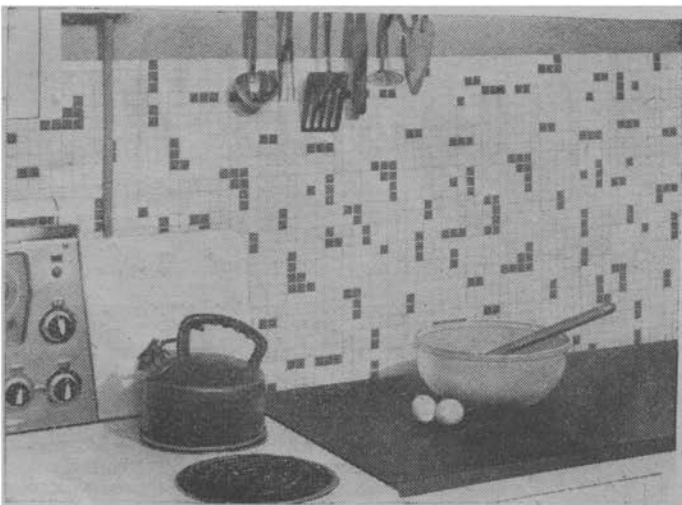
HOW to fix them is quite easy. Briefly, you stick the panels to the surface of the wall, table, or what have you, with Plysu Mastic, spreading it on with a spreader. Put the tiles in position

HOME CHAT

immediately the mastic is spread over the surface, fixing each sheet of tiles firmly before tackling the next.

Press the sheet of tiles well into the mastic, with a clean cloth, then wipe off the excess mastic with a paraffin rag.

Leave the tiled surface for twelve hours to get really firm, then finish by "grouting" with Polyfilla. Mix the filler and fill up all the spaces between the tiles to just below tile level . . . only do about four to six square feet at a time, cleaning off the excess filler with a damp cloth. Then wipe over the surface with a dry cloth. Leave to dry for a day, and then finally wipe the surface with a cloth soaked in liquid detergent, and polish with a dry duster.



the House -----

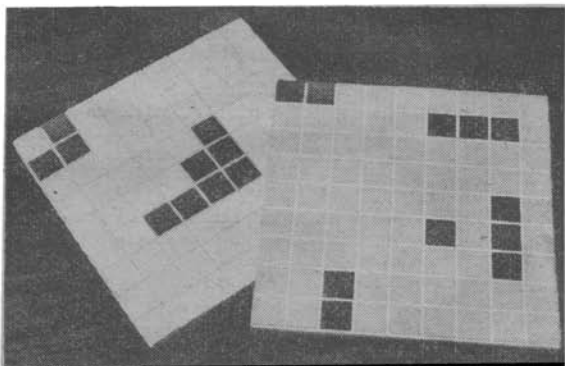


Table Mats.

LITTLE heat-resisting mats can be made with the "Plysu" mosaic tiles, too, backing them with hardboard. Decide on the size the mats are to be, then cut your hardboard with a fairly fine-toothed saw, and cut your tile panel to match, in the same way that it's cut for tiling any surface. The tiles must exactly fit the hardboard. Cover the hardboard with adhesive. Then apply the tiling, working from the top edge and pressing it down from left to right. Finish off by "grouting" with "Polyfilla" as described above. Incidentally, this would be an excellent way of using up any odd pieces of the tiling panels left over from a bigger job, because you could, with a little careful matching up, cover the hardboard with odd pieces, so long as you lined them up carefully.

October 4th, 1958

COST and colour . . . A twelve inch square or panel costs 6s. 6d.; the spreader is 6d., or you can buy six panels with a spreader for £1 19s. The Plysu Mastic costs 5s. 6d. for a pound tin . . . which covers approx. six to eight square feet. It's cheaper in the long run to buy a quart tin (approximately 4½ pounds), for this is 13s. 6d.

The colours are white with a black pattern, cream with scabious blue, pearlescent yellow with black, white with red, pearlescent green with black, and all black.

TO clean . . . Wipe over the tiles with a damp soapy cloth, and polish with ordinary furniture cream. Never use abrasives for cleaning.

Kitchen colour schemes . . . you can work out with these little tiles are innumerable. The white with red pattern would look gorgeous with pale blue walls, with grey walls, with sea-green walls, using white for paint, perhaps; a red door or a green door. The black and white is exceptionally striking. In a bathroom, I'd have the wall heading the bath tiled with all black tiles; the wall alongside the bath in the patterned. Then I'd have white paint, turquoise walls, and a deep pink door.

HOME PAGE EDITOR, OLIVE E. IVORY, conducts our helpful pages about the house. Write to her if there's anything you want to know about up-to-date household equipment, house decoration, etc. Her address is on page 40, and please do enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letter.

They said WE DIDN'T

TWO met and their hearts stood still . . .

It was the miracle that sometimes happens, love at first sight . . .

The miracle that no one but themselves believed in.

IT happened in an art gallery.

Georgina glanced across the room and saw Edward; only, of course, she didn't know then that he was Edward.

She saw a dark young man, looking at her intently, and her heart gave a queer little skip. Then she saw him start to come towards her, ploughing his way through people, as though he did not notice that they were there. Then he had reached her, and in one glance she took in every detail of his appearance, and knew that this was how dreams came true.

"Hallo," he said gently.

"Hallo," Georgina said, smiling.

"My name is Edward Gilpin," he said.

"I am Georgina Fox." It did not occur to her that there was anything odd about the situation.

"Come and have tea somewhere," he said, and she nodded, as though she were quite used to having tea with him, and they went out together.

"Georgina, most people would think that what I am going to say is madness, but I know you won't," he said, over tea.

"How do you know?" Georgina asked with interest.

"Because you told me your name, because you came with me, because I think that what has happened to me has happened to you, too. Georgina, I love you, and I want you to marry me."

He was quite right. She did not think it was madness; she just recognised it as something which had been bound to happen.

"Yes," she said gravely. "I should love to marry you."

"As quickly as possible," Edward said. "While it is still a miracle; before anything happens to spoil it . . ."

Georgina nodded.

"I have a small flat, so nobody can say that we have nowhere to live," Edward said, and, quite shortly, they were married, though not without torrents of protest from friends and relations on both sides.

"But, my dear child, this is utter madness," Georgina's father said.

"He may be very estimable, and he may have a good job and a flat, but you don't know him. Now, don't talk to me about miracles," he went on, as Georgina opened her mouth. "This is the sort of miracle which simply does not happen. I mean, saying that you fell in love with him the first time you saw him."

"But I did; and I do love him," she cried.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said irritably. Then, with a glance at her face, "Oh, well, all right, perhaps you do. But marriage is a drastic step. Why not wait until you know him a little better?"

Edward went through much the same sort of thing, for when they met, he said:

"Such a commotion, you'd think I was planning to marry someone from Mars. 'Wait until you know her better' indeed!"

"That's what they say to me."

"Darling, we don't have to know each other better, do we?" Edward asked. "We love each other. We can spend all the rest of our lives getting to know each other."

SO they were married, and heads were wagged, and everybody foretold disaster.

But Georgina and Edward were so happy that they paid no attention to any of it. They had a week-end honeymoon, driving round in Edward's little car, and afterwards they found that they could hardly remember where they had been, since both of them had that feeling of wafting about in a golden haze.

After that, they went to Edward's flat, and started on the business of being married and getting to know each other.

"It's so much better this way," Edward said.

"An engagement must be very difficult; no place to go, except the cinema or art galleries, but here we are in our own home, with nobody to bother us, while we get to know each other. Wasn't it lucky that we both rushed into that art gallery to shelter from the rain? But for the rain that afternoon, we might never have met."

"I wasn't sheltering from the rain. I had gone in to look at the pictures," Georgina told him.

By

VERA WYNN
GRIFFITHS

KNOW EACH OTHER



"YOU must come to a concert with me sometime," Georgina said. "I'm sure you'd like classical music if you really listened to it."

Edward made a warding-off gesture with one hand.

"No, no," he said. "Leave me in my nice, lowbrow rut. I don't want any uplift."

October 4th, 1958

SHOP WINDOW

TOURING the shops for the best fashion-value for YOUR money, MARGARET LOMAX chooses...

THIS day dress by Carnegie Models (Style 805)... In pure wool, with a young, easy skirt of unpressed pleats, it's warm and snug in chilly weather, yet pretty and gay as Autumn sunshine! The expensive-looking—and flattering—trimming on the collar, belt and buttons, is cotton ocelot, and the skirt is fully lined with taffeta. **HIP SIZES:** 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. **COLOUR:** Stone only. **PRICE:** £8 8s., postage and packing 2s. 6d. extra. **FROM:** Della Gowns, Ltd., 167 Oxford Street, London, W.1.



Edward looked rather astonished. "Goodness! D'you like that sort of thing? Bores me stiff. I often think that I could paint as good a picture myself as some of those that are hung up."

Georgina looked rather astonished, too. For a moment, she pondered on his reply. This, she reminded herself, was part of the process of getting to know each other. It wasn't very important if Edward didn't like paintings, and made silly remarks about being able to do just as well himself.

She didn't expect him to like everything that she liked; indeed, it would be too much to expect that all their tastes would be in common, yet somehow she was aware of uneasiness.

"Edward," she said, "supposing that, after we get to know each other, we find that we don't like each other?"

"Goose! Where do you get such silly ideas?" Edward laughed.

"No, but really," Georgina insisted. "Won't it be terrible, if we find that we can't bear each other?"

Edward gave her a small, grave smile.

"You're forgetting the most important thing; the thing that started it all. We love each other, and nothing can ever make any difference to that."

"Oh, no, no, of course not," Georgina cried, thinking how much she loved Edward, yet with a vague feeling that they had overlooked something important.

Life settled down very pleasantly. Georgina went to her office every morning, and Edward went to his. When they met in the evening, they fell into each other's arms as though they had been parted for years. Then they did the chores, and got supper together.

"All our dear relations, who said we were so silly, made a great mistake, don't you think?" Edward asked one evening.

HE was on the step-ladder, fixing up a trellis in the courtyard on to which the flat opened. The idea, which had originally been Georgina's, was to grow plants in a trough of earth, and train them to climb up the trellis.

"Then we can sit out here, on a summer evening, and pretend we have a garden," Georgina had said. "We could have our supper out here."

"Not me," said Edward firmly. "I never was one for picnics."

But still, there he was putting up the trellis, and being quite enthusiastic about the job. It was odd how, bit by bit, she was learning to know the young man who was her husband; she knew, by now, that you could not drive Edward into anything.

Nagging was no good. You had to let loose an idea, then wait patiently, and nine times out of ten, Edward would produce the idea as though it were his own.

"Did you hear what I said?" he demanded. "About it not being a mistake for us to get married? Or do you think it was?" he added, grinning down at her.

"You know how I feel about it. I've never been so happy in my life," Georgina said. She had temporarily forgotten that feeling that they

had missed something very important.

Settling down, and redecorating the flat, and dreaming together over a future, which would be for ever an idyll of happiness—that was enough for the first few months of their married life.

Then, all at once, it was late autumn, with dark evenings. The flat was arranged to their liking, and abruptly there was a small ruffle in their relationship.

Georgina's idea of an evening at home was to lie stretched out with a book, and she wasn't sorry that summer was over, when you felt that you had to be out every minute, even when it wasn't very warm. But Edward, it seemed, was not much of a reader.

They had supper one evening, and they washed up; then, as she had planned, Georgina settled down with a book.

"I adore a good read," she muttered happily.

EWARD potted about the kitchen, and then he came in, and sat down.

She heard the rustle, as he leafed his way through the evening paper. He wasn't really reading it; she could tell that, and she wished that he would settle down, for he was distracting her. But presently, he said:

"Let's go and see what's on at the flicks."

"Oh, darling, not to-night," Georgina protested. "I have the most thrilling book."

"Well, I haven't," Edward said. "Come on, Georgie, we'll just make the big film, if we hurry."

With a sigh, she got off the settee, and Edward said huffily:

"Don't come if you don't want to, of course . . ."

Georgina stared at him, stricken to the heart.

"Oh, Edward, don't be like that. I can't bear you being cross."

Then, something which was almost visible seemed to pass between them, and in an instant, she was in his arms, and he was saying:

"Darling, I'm not cross."

"Of course, I want to come," she whispered. "I always want to come with you. I'll get my coat now."

They went off cheerfully
October 4th, 1958

S H O P W I N D O W



MARGARET LOMAX's second "find" this week, is a dress by "Chanelle" that provides unrivalled simplicity and elegance at a budget-conscious price. In Angora jersey, trimmed with satin, it's loosely fitting, but can be worn belted if you prefer. Perfect for day or for parties, it comes in wonderful colours with a soft bloom to them. **HIP SIZES:** 36, 38 or 40 inches. **COLOURS:** Stone, coral, mushroom, royal, olive or blue-grotto. Please give second choice. **PRICE:** £5 19s. 6d., postage and packing, 2s. 6d. extra. **FROM:** Chanelle Ltd., at 23 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3., or 362 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

enough, but she only gave the film half her attention, for she was preoccupied with the thought that somehow they had evaded the issue.

Again, she experienced that feeling of having missed something important; only this time, she hadn't quite missed it, and she sat very quietly, and a little afraid, as she tried to come to grips with a new situation.

All right, here it was . . . Because she loved Edward, did it mean that she had to submerge herself completely, and give up doing all the things she liked, and do only what Edward liked? Or must Edward give way? Was that what being married meant?

But perhaps she was making a fuss about nothing. Just because he'd wanted to go to the cinema and she hadn't, was that any reason for getting in a state, and making an issue of it?

She began to think that she was being silly, yet all the time there was this lurking feeling that she had settled nothing. No use asking Edward; he simply would not understand what she was talking about. There were a good many things which Edward did not seem to understand. She would see that glazed look come into his eyes, and he would say:

"Oh, Georgie, have a heart. You know I'm not up to these

(Continued on page 26.)

Anne Sherman's

THE NEW COLOURS . . .

THERE is no doubt about it, black heads the colour list. I've never seen more all-black schemes, but even the blacks are sometimes relieved with deft touches of bright colour. After the blacks come three big colour ranges that I think we're all going to like very much indeed. They are the greens, the browns and the reds.

The greens come first because they are the most important. They range from almond to emerald. To my mind, the most striking and the most beautiful are the blue-greens, or the exciting combinations of blue and green. I saw a wonderful topcoat in tweed checked with sapphire blue and emerald green. It was worn with an emerald green hat, wool gloves and black shoes and handbag.

Black is the ideal contrast for these vivid jewel colours, but country dwellers may prefer spice brown or dark green as accessory colours.

Very often the green tweed of a suit shows overtones of black. A Bristol green and black tweed suit looked most elegant worn with a fluffy black hat, black shoes and bag, and fresh white gloves. Incidentally, you might turn this round and wear a Bristol green hat to perk up a black and white coat or suit. Bristol green is that brilliant blue-green you see in glass.

Ginger browns and creamy beiges are wonderful foils for all the pale and gentle shades of green we are welcoming back to the world of fashion.

AFTER a season of coffee and cream, it was natural for brown to continue as a leading colour, but the new browns are Autumnal in their richness. They have copper tones—warm, spice browns and glowing bronze tints. The accessory colours for shoes and handbags are mostly black for sophisticated town wear, and nigger or spice brown.

Red is always popular on a wintry scene; the new favourites are the soft rosy reds and pinks. These have a brilliance of their own. They give colour to a sallow skin, in some magical fashion, casting a glow that is wonderfully becoming. Can you imagine a raspberry red tweed suit—straight-jacketed and very simple—worn with a heavenly bright pink and fluffy hat. It looked marvellous and was so flattering.

With these lovely rosy reds the first accessory colour is, of course, black, but it is followed closely by navy, grey and clove red. For contrast in the way of hats and blouses, think in terms of pink, lilac, baby blue and soft green.



BESTWAY Pattern E.3,581 . . . For a fashion-conscious girl, here's a new pinafore dress, blouse and knickers set. Notice the collarless blouse with three-quarter sleeves, and the wide-necked dress. Sizes : 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yards of 36-inch fabric for pinafore dress ; $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for knickers and $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards for blouse.

BESTWAY Pattern C.3,635 . . . For keeping a small boy cosy you can't better a jerkin and trousers. Here's a set that's tough and wonderfully easy to make in poplin, flannel or rayon gaberdine. Sizes : 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yard of 36-inch material for the jerkin, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the trousers (without up-and-down way).

IF none of these patterns is just what you want and you'd like to see a further selection of designs, write to ANNE SHERMAN at the address on page 40, enclosing a large, stamped, addressed envelope and explaining briefly what you want.

PATTERN PAGES

Bringing you patterns for the family—yourself, small son and daughter—practical, good-to-look-at designs you'll love to copy.

BESTWAY Pattern D.3,772 . . . Our old friend, the shirtwaist, gone modern with a new open neckline bordered by a deep, pointed collar—and the season's favourite trimming a softly tied bow. Charming, isn't it? This would look good made in black and white checks. Allow $3\frac{3}{8}$ to 4 yards of 54-inch material (without up-and-down way) or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.



BESTWAY C. Patterns cost 2s. 3d., D. Patterns 2s. 9d., E. Patterns 2s. 7d., post free. All sizes and where-to-order details are on page 40.

BESTWAY Pattern D.3,785 . . . Your autumn-into-winter stand-by has a stand-away, neckline-framing collar, fitted bodice and wide swinging skirt. Make it in a flecked tweed or in a small check. Checks are having a riotous success. Allow $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or $3\frac{3}{8}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

Mrs. ARCHER'S *Country*

SO here we are in October, month of the calving cow and the busy plough, so far as farmers are concerned. The time when the end of one farming year and the beginning of the next often seem to overlap. Winter corn is being sown while sugar beet is being harvested (let's hope all the other harvesting is finished and done with by now!).

This is the month when the shooting man says "hallo" to the pheasant, and we all say "good-bye" to the swallow as he sets off on his annual trip to Africa. I like swallows—they're handsome birds, and so wonderfully graceful in flight as they go skimming low over the fields and ponds, catching their food on the wing at high speed.

Did you know that swallows have two broods of young—and sometimes three—while they're "summering" in Britain? The first brood in May, and, very occasionally, the second and last as late as the end of September. Sometimes they have the second batch so late in the year that the time to migrate is upon them before the young birds are old enough to leave the nest. You'd think they'd wait until these little ones were strong enough to look after themselves, before flying off to sunnier climes, but no—the instinct to migrate is too strong to be ignored, and Mum and Dad swallow say a regretful, but firm, farewell to their helpless

babies and fly off with the crowd, leaving the youngsters to whatever fate may be in store for them.

I don't care much for the British winter myself, but I can't see the urge to leave it ever becoming that strong, can you?

* * *

Now is the time of year when Tom Forrest has to keep careful watch for poachers. We never discuss the activities of these gentlemen of the night with Tom, because he tends to get embarrassed. As you probably know, there was a fatal accident a year or so ago, and Tom had to stand trial for killing a poacher whom he tackled in the early hours of the morning.

As Tom says, the pheasants themselves don't help the gamekeeper much. They seem to take enormous pains to roost in leafless trees, so that they are silhouetted against the night sky and, not content with that, they usually proceed to make all sorts of unearthly noises to advertise their whereabouts. You'd think they'd be careful to choose roosting places well inside the wooded game preserves and coverts, far away from the roadside and predatory passers-by. The opposite is usually the case, and Tom must lose a lot of game-birds simply because they've practically begged a poacher to come and get them.

When I talk about pheasant, I always think of that old music-hall song, sung (I think) by Mr. Edmund Payne, in his hey-day:

*" 'Twas the glorious first of October,
But the memory to me is unpleasant;
A sportsman who wasn't quite sober
Mistook me—alas—for a pheasant."*

Don't make any mistake, though... our Tom and his boss would no more dream of letting anyone handle a gun if he'd had a drink or two, than they'd give a loaded shotgun to a four-year-old. Tom is meticulously careful about the avoidance of accidents with guns, and woe betide anyone who points a gun in fun at a person when he's around. He gives them a real telling-off and doesn't care who or what they are. The fact that the gun is unloaded makes no difference to Tom... he still tells 'em. Quite right, too. It's just the same when a sportsman is climbing a gate or negotiating a hedge... Tom's voice can always be heard... "Break your gun and unload, sir, if you wouldn't mind. We all want to live to shoot another day and I'm sure you do, too!" Most of the shooting men appreciate the point and thank Tom for his warning—but you always get one or two know-alls who resent it.

Tom's favourite "lesson by example" for such people is to take a large turnip or mangold and put it on a post or tree branch, then shoot his twelve bore at it. One shot, of



TREE TALK

THE Spindle Tree—more often seen as a bush than a tree—got its name because its tough wood was once used for making spindles. In the autumn, its long, pale green leaves turn to vivid reds, yellows, and even mauves, and the fruits ripen to a bright pink. Because of this wonderful colouring, the tree is often planted in gardens.

Scrapbook

course, completely disintegrates the mangold, and Tom quietly turns to the offending sportsman and says, "Might have been your head, sir . . . which would have been bad. Or somebody else's head, which would have been even worse!"

Oh, yes, Tom tells 'em all right. Dan says he takes after his sister for putting people in their place!

* * *

Dan often leans over my shoulder when I'm busy on these Scrapbook notes.

"I don't know who you think you're writing for," he told me once. "Everybody knows that a hare is born with its eyes open; why write about it?"

Well, for a start, I think he's wrong. Don't you? I'm sure there are lots of people who don't know little things about birds and insects and animals, that are largely taken for granted by country people, who live and work among them all year round. As a matter of fact, quite a number of country folk I've met seem to go around with their eyes closed (whether they were born with them open or not!) when they're in the woods and fields, or even in their gardens.

What would you say if you were asked what a robin eats, for example? (I'm not talking now about breadcrumbs—which seems to be the staple diet of the robins in my garden.) Well, you'd probably know that they make most of their meals of insects or worms. That's an easy one. But what about the chaffinch? Another common, cheery little resident in these islands, roughly the same size as a robin, same type of nest, too—yet the chaffinch lives chiefly on hard seeds, which the robin normally doesn't touch.

* * *

While we're on this subject, I wonder if you know one of the main differences between a frog and a toad? Well—a frog has teeth, and a toad hasn't. And did you know that, whereas a song-thrush is born naked, blind and helpless, completely dependent upon its parents, a baby moorhen is a bundle of black woolly down at birth, and can dive and swim almost immediately after leaving its shell?

Strange, really, isn't it, that there should be such differences in the state in which wild birds and animals are born? Rabbits are born blind and hares with open eyes. But rabbits are born in burrows underground, where they are comparatively safe from marauders, while hares are



Photo: Paul Popper, Ltd.

SPOT THE BIRDS

YOU know the beautiful Swallow by its long, deeply-forked tail streamers, and its dark, metallic blue upper-parts. Its forehead and throat are a dull chestnut red, and its breast is creamy white. The Swallow lives in the open country, building its mud-and-straw nest on the rafters and ledges of farm buildings, and under the eaves.

born—as you know—on the surface of the earth, so they must be able to keep watch and be ready to run almost from the first moment of birth.

Young Jimmy Grange says that the enormous back legs of the hare were given to it so that it could escape from the wolves, many centuries ago, when we *did* have wolves in Britain. He also told me that, if a hare is being chased, it will always choose to run uphill, away from its pursuer, because its back legs give it such an enormous advantage in uphill running.

* * *

Talking of running fast reminds me that, the other day, Reggie Trentham (he and his wife, Valerie, own and run the Grey Gables Country Club near Ambridge) told us something which he swears is true, but which I find hard to believe.

(Continued on page 39.)

MORE EXTRACTS FROM MRS. ARCHER'S SCRAPBOOK NEXT WEEK

DON'T forget that you can hear "The Archers" every weekday on the B.B.C. Light Programme at 6.45 p.m., on wavelengths 1,500 m. (200 kc/s), or 247 m. (1,214 kc/s). The omnibus edition is on Sundays at 9.45 a.m.

October 4th, 1958

JUST three ounces of wool make this shortie button-up for little girls . . . and it's sure to be a success!

MATERIALS Required : 3 ounces of "Visylka" Quickerknit ; a pair each of Double Century knitting pins, Nos. 8 and 10 ; 4 buttons.

Measurements : Shoulder to lower edge, 10 inches ; to fit 23 to 25-inch chest sizes.

Tension : Using No. 8 needles, about 6 stitches and 8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations : K., knit ; p., purl ; st., stitch ; sts., stitches ; tog., together ; dec., decrease (work 2 sts. tog.) ; inc., increase (work into front and back of same st.) ; rep., repeat ; ins., inches.

The Back.

USING No. 10 needles, cast on 56 sts.

Work 8 rows in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 4th and 8th rows (60 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles. Continue in st.st. and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 4th row and every following 4th row 8 times (76 sts.).

St.st. 2 rows.

Now shape Magyar sleeves :

Cast on 3 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows.

Continue until straight sleeve edge measures 4 ins., ending with a p. row.

Now shape shoulders :

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

Next row : Cast off 8 sts., k. 10 (counting st. on needle), (k. 1, p. 1) 13 times, k. to end.

Next row : Cast off 8 sts., p. 10 (counting st. on needle), rib 26, p. to end.

Keeping centre 26 sts. in ribbing, cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Cast off in ribbing.

The Right Front.

USING No. 10 needles, cast on 34 sts.

Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing and inc. 1 st. at beginning (side edge) of last row.

1st buttonhole row (front edge) : Rib 2, cast off 2 sts., work to end.

2nd buttonhole row : Work to buttonhole space, cast on 2 sts., rib 2.

Rib 2 rows and inc. 1 st. at beginning of last row. Change to No. 8 needles.

1st row : Rib 6, k. to end.

2nd row : P. to last 6 sts., rib 6.

Rep. last 2 rows once more and inc. 1 st. at beginning of last row.

Continue in st.st. with ribbed border and inc.

Hug Me TIGHT!

1 st. at side edge of every 4th row twice more (39 sts.).

Rep. the 2 buttonhole rows.

Continue in st.st. with ribbed border and inc. 1 st. at side edge of every 4th row 4 times more (43 sts.).

Rep. the 2 buttonhole rows.

Work 5 more rows and inc. 1 st. at side edge of 2nd of these rows (44 sts.). End at side edge.

Now shape Magyar sleeve :

Continue in st.st. with ribbed border and cast on 3 sts. at beginning of next row and following alternate rows 3 times (53 sts.).

Continue until 14 rows have been worked from last buttonhole. Rep. 2 buttonhole rows. Work 2 rows, ending at front edge.

Now shape neck :

1st row : Take 2 tog., rib 6, k. to end.

2nd row : P. to last 8 sts., rib 6, take 2 tog.

(Continued on page 18.)

HOME CHAT





October DREAM

DO you dream of a gorgeous heavy sweater in a bold, bold stitch. Do you? Because this would be your dream come true.

The Back and Front—(two pieces—both alike).

USING No. 12 needles, cast on 122 sts.

1st row : K. 2, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row : P. 2, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 3 ins., ending with a 2nd row and inc. 1 st. at end of last row (123 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st patt. row (right side) : K. 3, * p. 10, k. 1, p. 4, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd patt. row : P. 3, * k. 1, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 8, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd patt. row : K. 3, * p. 7, (k. 3, p. 2) twice, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

4th patt. row : P. 3, * k. 3, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

5th patt. row : K. 3, * p. 5, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 4, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

6th patt. row : P. 3, * k. 5, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 4, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

7th patt. row : K. 3, * p. 3, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 6, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

8th patt. row : P. 3, * k. 7, (p. 3, k. 2) twice, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

9th patt. row : K. 3, * p. 1, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 8, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

10th patt. row : P. 3, * k. 10, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. the 10 patt. rows until work measures 13 ins.

Now shape armholes :

Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 10 rows (91 sts.).

Continue until work measures 20 ins.

Now shape neck :

Next row : Patt. 25, cast off next 41 sts., patt. to end.

Continue on last set of 25 sts.

** Continue until work measures 22 ins., ending at armhole edge.

Now shape shoulder :

Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next row and

(Continued on next page.)

MATERIALS Required : 12 ounces of Lister's Lavenda 4-ply or 12 ounces of Lister's Golden Fleece

4-ply ; a pair each of Double Century knitting pins, Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements : Shoulder to lower edge, 22 inches ; to fit a 33 to 35-inch bust size ; sleeve seams, 18 inches.

Tension : Using No. 10 needles, the pattern produces about 6½ stitches and 9 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations : K., knit ; p., purl ; st., stitch ; sts., stitches ; tog., together ; dec., decrease (work 2 sts. tog.) ; inc., increase, work into front and back of same st. ; ins., inches ; rep., repeat ; patt., pattern.

October 4th, 1958

HUG ME TIGHT!

(Continued from page 16.)

Rep. last 2 rows 8 times more, then rep. 1st row again (34 sts.).

Continue until straight edge of sleeve measures 4 ins., ending at sleeve edge.

Now shape shoulders:

Keeping ribbed border, cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next row and following alternate rows 3 times. Work 1 row. Cast off.

The Left Front.

USING No. 10 needles, cast on 34 sts.

Work 8 rows in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing and inc. 1 st. at end (side edge) of 4th and 8th rows (36 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles.

1st row: K. to last 6 sts., rib 6.

2nd row: Rib 6, p. to end.

★ ★ ★

OCTOBER DREAM.

(Continued from previous page.)

following alternate rows 5 times. Fasten off.**

Rejoin wool to inner edge of remaining 25 sts. Rep. from ** to **.

The Sleeves (both alike).

USING No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work 3 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 ribbing.

Change to No. 10 needles. Continue in k. 2, p. 2 ribbing and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th row and every following 6th row 20 times (104 sts.). Continue until sleeve measures 18 ins.

Now shape top:

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beginning only of next 42 rows (50 sts.). Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 10 rows. Cast off.

The Collar.

WITH right side of front towards you, and using No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 52 sts. along neck edge.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE TWIFFS . . .



MR TWIFF SAYS THAT YOUNG MRS TRIMLEY DOESN'T SEEM . . .



TO BE SO WELL LIKED AT THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE. WHY IS THAT?



WIFE SAYS SHE'S JUST WON A POPULARITY CONTEST!

Rep. last 2 rows once more and inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Work to match right front, working all shapings at opposite ends of rows to reverse, working 1 row less before sleeve shaping and omitting button-holes.

The Sleeve Ribbings (both alike).

SEW up shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you and using No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 60 sts. along one sleeve edge. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Cast off in ribbing.

The Making Up.

PRESS work on wrong side, using a hot iron over a damp cloth and avoiding all ribbing. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Sew on buttons.

Work in k. 2, p. 2 ribbing and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 2nd row and every following alternate row 14 times (80 sts.).

Next row: With wrong side of jumper towards you, k. 1 row.

(P. 1 row, k. 1 row) twice.

Next row: K. for hemline.

(K. 1 row, p. 1 row) twice. Cast off.

Work back collar in the same way.

The Making Up.

PIN out back and front to correct shape and size and press with a hot iron over a damp cloth, avoiding ribbed welts. Press sleeves lightly, stretching ribbing to normal size.

Sew up shoulder and collar seams. Press seams. Set sleeves into armholes, taking $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch turnings and using a small back-stitch. Press seams flat. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Turn under collar hem along hem-line, and catch stitch down. Press hem.

Turn down collar and catch-stitch at either side.

EILEEN FOWLER POINTS OUT . . .



Photo: B.B.C.

★ THE WAY to ★ YOUTH and BEAUTY

OUR Beauty Expert presents an important new series by a T.V. Keep-fit Expert. Watch for Eileen Fowler on B.B.C. television next Monday at 3.15 p.m.

"HAPPY Birthday to You" may not be a woman's favourite tune, but it can turn into a triumphal march if she succeeds in looking younger and fitter as the years go by.

Impossible? I don't think so; it's a question of knowing what to do, and doing it. To be attractive and vital and look young you have got to be fit, there are no two ways about it.

Most of us could feel better and look better by following a few simple rules. More exercise, more fresh air, more sleep, healthy food and more relaxation. Try it for a few weeks, and see what it does for you.

You may have to adjust the rules a bit to suit your needs, but in the main, these maxims will work as they always did. I can't think why we get away from the obvious ways to fitness, but when we do, we tend to get a bit "under the weather," and then wonder why. Our looks suffer, as they must, and down go our spirits.

When we are in this state, I say, "get out and walk," if you have to make the time to do it. I find that things never seem so bad in the fresh air. It helps me to think more clearly, and after a bit, eases the tension. You've got to breathe more deeply, and the extra oxygen gives you a very real lift.

Slump and the world slumps with you, so pull up from the midriff and lengthen the space between bust and hip. This will allow your lungs to work properly.

Step it out from the hips, head up and eyes level, and you'll look and feel utterly different.

Have you tried the concertina way of breathing? Stand as in the sketch on this page (Exercise 1), head relaxed and fingers touching on the diaphragm, and let all the old air completely out. Then

(Continued on next page.)

Exercise 1.

BREATHE FOR BEAUTY (by the open window) to cleanse the bloodstream, and feed the nerves. A: Press the hands lightly round the lower ribs, fingers touching, and breathe out the carbon dioxide that makes us feel doped and tired. B: Breathe in, thinking about pulling a concertina out sideways, keep shoulders down, and fill up with oxygen—hands coming well apart. Repeat six times. It makes you really use your lungs.



THE WAY TO YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

(Continued from previous page.)

think sideways as you fill up, just as if you were pulling out a concertina. Practise it. It makes you really use your lungs.

IF you cannot get away from the house and you need a tonic—try doing a few figure exercises to throw off that cramped feeling. This type of movement is an ideal way to keep fit. It improves the circulation, strengthens our backs, our feet and our ankles. It "fines down" our figures, and gives us good carriage and grace. It's the complete answer for the busy housewife who wants to keep her figure, her health and youthful vitality.

In the beginning, it's best to limber up quite naturally, slowly and without ambition.

Simply stretch and stretch with arms way above your head, whenever possible (Exercise 2.) thinking—and this is terribly important—about the muscles of the midriff, feel them pulling and stretching, and if your jumper doesn't pop out of your skirt, try again.

Then bend your knees and relax, head heavy and dropping forward over your chest, knees bent and energy oozing away. Don't worry—it will come back a thousandfold—then stretch again.

Hold on to the table or chair with one hand and gently swing the outside leg forward and back from the hips. (Exercise 3.) A static hip can be a solid one. Turn round and swing the other leg.

While you're there, feet together, bend your knees well and truly. (Exercise 4.) Women hate this until they realise how strong legs can save their backs.

A surprising number of us have weak backs, and it is a great help to keep your back nearly straight while you bend your knees to pick anything up from the floor. So bear with me and get them supple and strong for their share of the work.

How do you go upstairs? Bending forward, hanging on to the rail, or do you float up with straight back, and push off with the back foot? It's a grand exercise for legs, and posture too, if you hold up your head and keep the eyes level.

FROM the day we are born, we are meant to move and move freely.

If we don't, our unused muscles lose their will to move and we are liable to lack of mobility, aches and pains and the middle-age spread. Make sure that once a day you do a comprehensive exercise which will keep you supple and completely mobile.

The clapping circle is a good way to start. Feet apart and prepare to bend your knees. (Exercise 5.) Now, clap round, above your head, out to the right, down to the floor, and up to the left, then start again. After a bit, reverse the procedure.

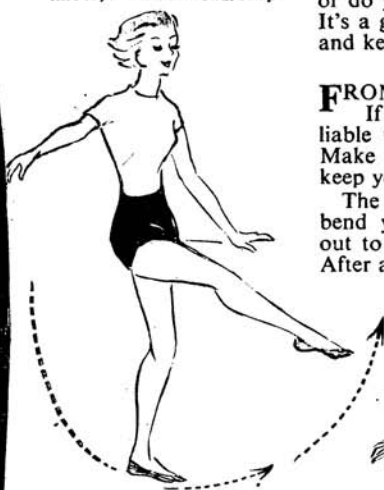
I usually do my exercises in the morning, in between the odd jobs, partly because I've got my comfortable clothes on—slacks, or skirt and jersey. Tailored sleeves are hopeless, terribly tiring and hampering. I kick off my shoes because I like to walk round on my toes first . . . it strengthens and slims the ankles.

If you can attend a keep fit class, do—it's the greatest fun, and you can do yourself and your figure a great deal of good without being conscious of the fact.

Many start classes with friends and neighbours, and attend training courses for part-time leaders. Keep fit is fast becoming to-day's new hobby, and it is certainly very rewarding. Perhaps, it is because we are all getting so figure-conscious. But anyway it's worth anyone's



Exercise 2.
STRETCH up to ceiling—arms in V position. Be elastic, get the pull from the midriff, stretch and stretch. Then feet together—relax over knees. Let go completely, relax your knees, back and head. Flop!



Exercise 3.
SUPPORT yourself, and swing a leg, for real movement in the hip. Swing easily, and don't stay too long on one leg. A waltz is good—switch on the radio and practise to music.

Exercise 4.
KNEES BEND: Strong legs can save the back. Straight back—head up, eyes level—down you go on the tips of your toes—come up—feel tall.



while to exercise daily and watch the flabbiness disappear. You look taller, straighter and younger because you can move.

Most people eat too much. Particularly during the middle years, when, unfortunately, we seem to develop a fine appreciation of good food and drink. I can understand it, for I love food. But if you care about your figure, then cut down on your food.

Personally, I can't look a diet sheet in the face; the very sight of a calorie chart sends me looking for a good meal; but there is a limit, and it's a question of what you eat, rather than how much.

If you are interested in losing weight, I shall be writing about "keep fit and figure foods" during the next few weeks.

WHY do so many women look deadly tired? Yes, I know they work hard, but so do I, or I like to think so. But that fatigue is poisoning the system, perpetuating the wrinkles and greying the skin. Some people need less sleep than others, but I know that enough sleep means a fresh face, that it irons it out and restores the youthful contours.

Whenever you can, go to bed early; a thousand times rather get up a little earlier. It's going on after (forgive the expression) you have had it, that does the damage.

Put your bed away from the draught, buy yourself an electric blanket and open wide the windows. I like a sparkling face in the morning, don't you? If you can't sleep, learn to relax. It's one of the ways to fitness, anyway. If it comes naturally, you are to be envied; if it doesn't, well, I'll be telling you how I learnt the tricks.

The serious type of tension has fear as its root and reason—fear of something of which we are scarcely aware. Drag it out in the open, and get yourself fit to tackle it. Isn't it when you are below par that you start to worry and fret? Can I do it? Am I past it?

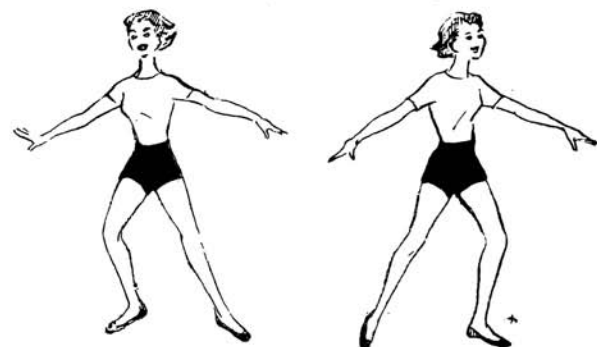
Half the time, the trouble isn't mental, but physical; something which the simple rules of health can put right. Get back to nature, fresh air and exercise, rest and sleep, learn to relax, and be fit.

SINCE so many women work outside their homes, as well as in them, it has become imperative for them to save themselves wear and tear whenever possible. Longer working hours are hard on a body not limbered up for the job. Less time to put your feet up creates tension of another kind, and here, again, much can be done to conserve energy.

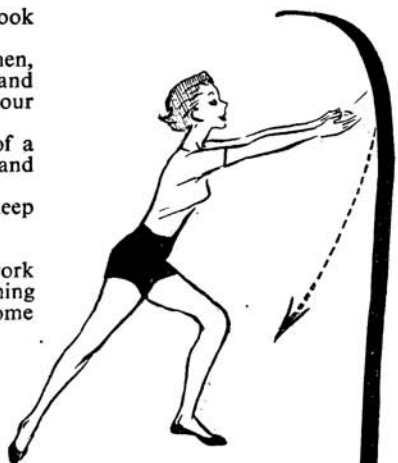
Standing at the sink and slumping because you are tired, affects the spine and nerve centres at the back of the neck. Back and head begin to ache, and you need reserve energy to make you continue.

This is where our keep fit exercises help again. We rock from foot to foot (Exercise 6), change our weight—all trained by simple dancing steps, or through learning the basic foot movements of our modern relaxed exercises. No longer do we pride ourselves on touching our toes with straight knees. Knees must bend—or else!

(To be continued.)



Exercise 6.
SAVE YOURSELF. Feet apart, relax your knees and change your weight from foot to foot, for a tireless way of standing at the sink washing up.



Exercise 5.
CLAPPING IN CONTINUOUS CIRCLE. Move in a big way. Feet apart, and be prepared to really bend your knees. Clap round four points of the compass and feel tummy muscles pulling.



Foot Delight *Elegant Courts*

FOR THE WIDER-THAN-NORMAL FOOT

Foot Delight fashion shoes are modelled to impart youthful slimness and elegance to wider-than-normal feet, and are available in a wide choice of charming styles and colours from 52/11 to 59/11

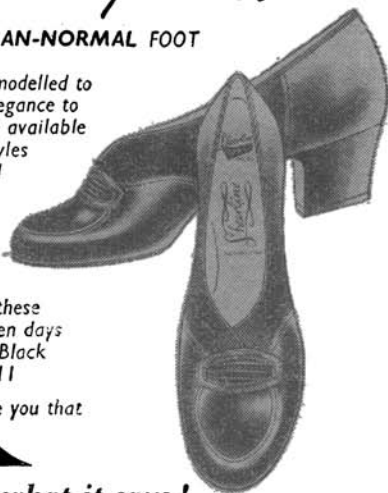
and Bootees

It will be a real joy to slip into these cosy sheepskin lined Bootees when days are cold. They are available in Black or Brown Suede and Calf at 59/11

A trial fitting will convince you that

Foot Delight

means what it says!



Miss Margaret Lewin will be pleased to send you an illustrated styles folder and name of local stockist on request: **F. J. PALFREYMAN & CO. LTD · DOROTHY RD · LEICESTER**



This week's
budget-saving
thought

Head your
shopping
list with ...

Consort

packed-with-goodness foods

No other brand gives you such consistent high quality at the prices you can afford. And look at the variety-canned fruits, vegetables and fish; pre-packed dried cereals and fruit; vinegar, pepper and spices; and Consort Gift Tea.

FROM YOUR FAMILY GROCER

New!



DRESS DUMMY

ONLY **26/-** FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER
New technique. Simply clips together and adjusts to your measurements.
Post free Overseas 5/- extra.

A complete set of pre-shaped, cut & punched boards including all parts for the stand, cloth covering, and hem trimming guide. Requires no assistance, no skill, no tools and no extras. **CAN ALWAYS GROW AND CHANGE WITH YOU.**

Satisfaction or money back.

Send approx. bust, waist & hips measurements together with P.O. for 26/- to:

SALDON PRODUCTS

(Dept. HC2), 9, Cornwall Close, Barking, Essex.

100" FLARE BALLERINA SKIRT

2/6 Down, plus 8 weekly payments at 2/6.
Normal waist 32" to 38"

Cash price 22/6 post free.

In smooth blended woollen cloth.

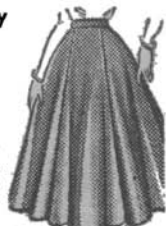
Brown, Grey, Navy, Black, Wine, Bottle.

Also available in **RAYON GABERDINE**, 3/1 deposit, plus 8 weekly payments of 3/1. Cash price 27/9 post free.

Money refund guarantee.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FASHIONS (Dept. 99)

286, Kilburn High Road, London, N.W.6.



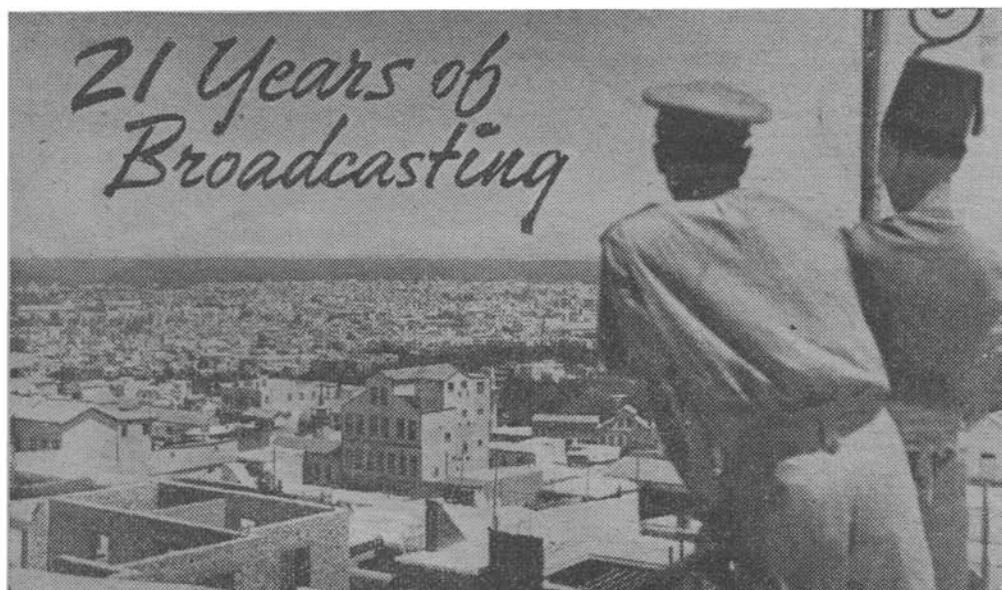


Photo: Imperial War Museum.

A SERVICEMAN surveys the city of Damascus, as Richard Dimbleby must have done during his wartime travelling. This week, our popular commentator describes how his party escaped injury—perhaps even death—many times in a few days.

BY
RICHARD
DIMBLEBY

IN the summer of 1941, we had invaded Syria by several routes, and as soon as I had sent off my first despatches describing our dramatic journey to the port of Tyre, I had to concentrate on covering as much of the broad front as I could.

Journeys across country were impossible, as there were hardly any roads, and no one knew for certain whether the areas lying between each line of advance had been cleared of the enemy. So we had to drive up and down each corridor in turn, returning to Palestine on each occasion.

I was anxious to find out what was happening inland, where we were thrusting forward towards Damascus. The fall of this ancient Biblical city would be our first major success, and I was looking forward to sending a despatch to the B.B.C. with the dateline "The Street Called Strait."

To reach the Damascus front, I had to drive back into northern Palestine, cross over to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, and then drive north again through the Syrian villages of Irbid and Deraa.

The roads—scarcely more than tracks—in this arid region, were appalling. We bounced and banged along, looking for the Allied forward units across the flat, dry landscape. Clouds of sand and dust rolled into the sky behind us, and loose flints clattered against the bottom of the truck. It was one of these flints, sharper than the rest, that nearly involved us in disaster.

We had been entirely alone on the road for half an hour, and were beginning to feel rather lonely. We had no definite information on the

whereabouts of any of our units; nor was there any sign of the enemy. It was a silent, deserted world through which we were passing.

Determined to reach some point where we could make inquiries, I accelerated, and took the truck along at maximum speed. We lurched sickeningly, sailing up off the bumps, and crashing back again. Donovan was sitting in the back, half choked with dust and clinging to his precious apparatus.

Now and then, he would shout despairingly, as a delicate amplifier fell on to the floor, but I was determined not to slow down. We were altogether too conspicuous and defenceless to hang about in no-man's-land.

Suddenly, with a bang and a hiss, one of our rear tyres burst, torn by a flint. Somehow, I held the swaying vehicle on the road as we slowed down, and turned off on to the desert as we stopped.

Fifty yards away, there was a small, stone-built hut, formerly an outpost of the Syrian gendarmerie, but no sign of its occupants. According to the map, we were at a village called Sanamein; yet of the village there was no trace; it was probably nothing more than a reference point on the map.

Cursing our luck, we dragged out the tools and began to jack up the truck. Fortunately, we had a good spare tyre available, but it was going to be a hot and tedious job, changing the wheel with the vehicle so grossly overloaded.

We had no sooner started the job, than I heard the sound of aircraft in the distance. The Vichy air force had been fairly active over the front, urged on, no doubt, by the German staff officers at its base aerodromes.

I looked anxiously into the sky, asking Donovan, who had keen eyesight, "Can you see them?" He gazed about him. "No, nothing." Then he took out his field-glasses, and after a moment said: "They're somewhere over there, in the sun—and coming nearer . . . Yes, there they are! Three of them . . . and they're French!"

By now, the roar of engines was getting really loud. "Quick!" I shouted. "The hut!"

We ran frantically across the fifty yards of bare ground, and as we did so, the leading aircraft seemed to swoop down to the road. There was a roar of cannon fire, and a line of explosions burst along the edge of the track, sending up a wall of yellow dust.

We flung ourselves into the empty hut and lay flat. I had seldom felt more scared. If the enemy had, in fact, aimed at our solitary truck, surely he would bank round and attack the hut. We waited, motionless, for the roar of engines to grow again, but instead, it dwindled away to nothing.

At last, after two or three minutes, we ventured out into the brilliant sunshine. The bombers had gone, perhaps on their way to some other target.

Once more, we were alone. With a tremendous sense of relief, we returned to the truck, and began pulling off the useless wheel.

A FEW moments later, we heard the sound of another engine. We were ready to dive for the hut, when I realised that this was a motor vehicle.

Tearing down the road and setting up a wall of dust was a light lorry very like our own. It was approaching from the north, and presently the driver drew up alongside us. He was an Australian army captain.

"What's the trouble?" he called. We explained, and he looked back over his shoulder. "Better make it snappy. There's a Vichy armoured patrol heading this way. I nearly got nabbed up there."

"How far?" I asked.

"Two or three miles." He regarded us doubtfully. "Need any help?"

I felt that he wanted to get on his way which, in the circumstances, was reasonable enough.

"No, thanks," I replied. "You carry on. We won't be a moment."

The Australian drove off, and the sound of his truck died away. With one accord we fell on the spare wheel. Never was a wheel changed so quickly, and we headed back down the road.

Far behind us, we could see a tell-tale yellow cloud rising over the desert. We never discovered whether it came from the armoured cars of the enemy, but when we passed the Sanamein police post two days later, the little building was scarred and pitted with shell-bursts, and part of the wall had collapsed.



★ **HAPPY SNAPS**—This gay picture, taken by Mrs. B. Rowe, of Topsham, Exeter, wins two guineas in our Competition! ★

A week passed, while the Allies tried to reach Damascus in the face of fierce counter-attacks by the French. The road was cut in several places and was much too dangerous, so we transferred our attention to the coastal area.

Oddly enough, Fate seemed to be organising a series of narrow escapes for the B.B.C. party. Once, as we drove along the edge of the Mediterranean, a force of German Junkers dive-bombers screamed over our heads, though without dropping bombs. A few moments later, we watched a duel between the raiders and our warships lying a mile or two off coast.

That evening, re-crossing the frontier into Palestine, we were sniped at twice from a bridge. The bullets whistled past us as we plunged along.

ON our next visit to the Damascus road, we burst another tyre, and had to return to the depot.

Moving up once again along the coast, we had stopped to pass the time of day with a group of gunners, when the warning whistle blew, and two Vichy fighters came screaming down with machine guns blazing.

We jumped for cover in all directions, and I sprained my ankle painfully as I landed in a deep ditch. Hobbling about during the next two or three days, I prayed fervently for Damascus to fall.

This happened on the longest day of the year, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, having been sniped at once again on the frontier, we drove into the hot and noisy city in the early evening.

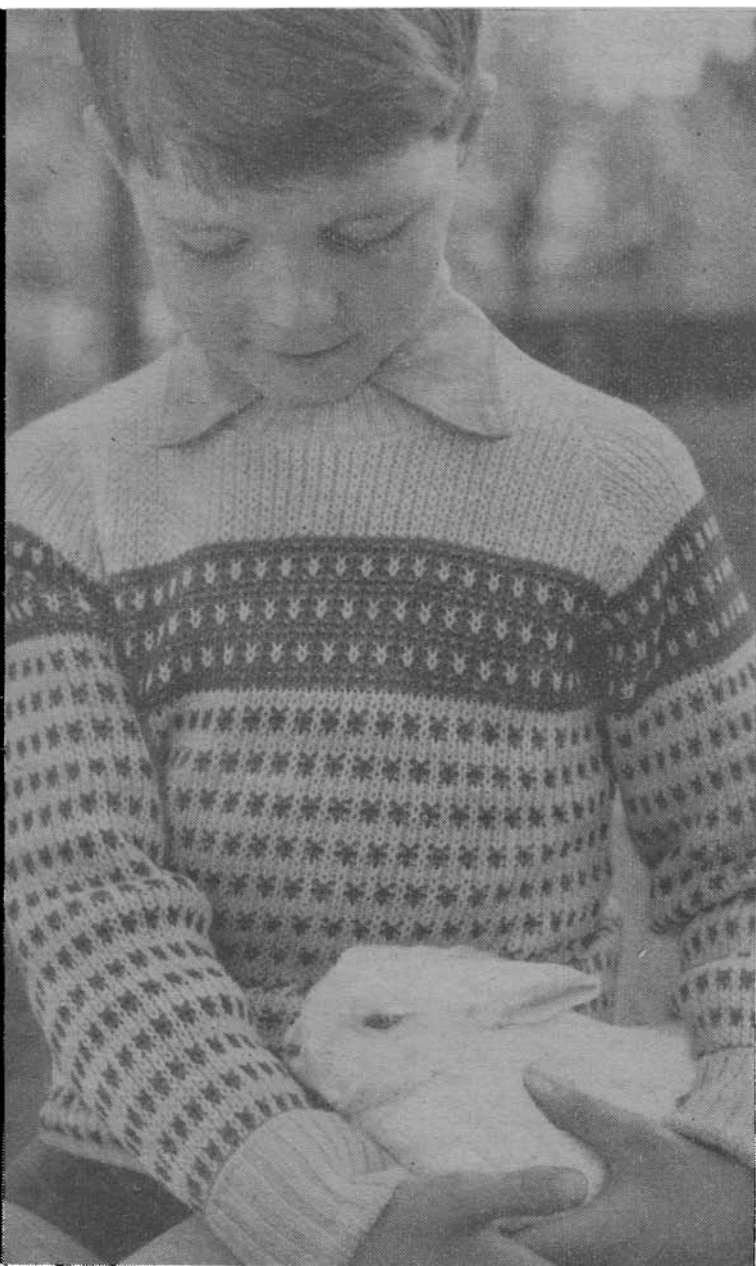
All was confusion and, owing to the press of military vehicles pouring in, I was quite unable to find the Street called Strait. Instead, I had to type my despatch on the balcony of a room in the Orient Palace Hotel.

This done, I retired for three hours' sleep. As I climbed into bed, I turned on my portable radio to hear the latest news from London, and nearly fell out again as I heard the announcer's first sentence, which was enough to relegate our Syrian war to the end of the bulletin:

"Germany has attacked Russia."

(To be continued.)

boy's
weekend
jersey
in all
pure
wool
26"-36"
from 25/11



B

AIRNS-WEAR
knitwear for all the family

October 4th, 1958

THEY SAID WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER.

(Continued from page 11.)

high-brow discussions" — "high-brow," being a derogatory word.

Afterwards, Georgina never quite understood how or why everything became a little different between her and Edward. Perhaps it all began on that day when she met Jill Fraser, who had once been her dearest friend.

"Hallo, stranger," Jill said, "I never see you now. Look, I've got two tickets for a symphony concert to-night. Do come."

Edward was quite agreeable when she told him about it, and she enjoyed the concert enormously, for it was a long time since she had heard any good music.

When she got home, he was lying on the settee, doing the crossword puzzle—the easy one. She used to tease him about that.

"Oh, darling, have you been lonely?" she asked, suddenly filled with compunction, and wondering how she could have left him alone.

"No, not at all," Edward said blithely. "I mended that cupboard. Then there was some good variety on T.V., and now I've nearly finished the puzzle. Good concert?"

"Oh, wonderful," Georgina sighed. "You must come with me some time. I'm sure you'd like classical music if you really listened to it."

EDWARD made a warding-off gesture with one hand.

"No, no. Leave me in my nice low-brow rut. I don't want any uplift."

"You are hopeless," Georgina said a little pettishly, remembering her abortive efforts to get him to read worthwhile books.

"They aren't worthwhile to me, because they bore me," he'd said reasonably.

But after that she began to go to concerts quite often with Jill, or to a serious play, and presently there was not the smallest feeling of guilt about deserting Edward, because he began to go to the Bridge Club.

"I enjoy a good game of Bridge," he said cheerfully, and soon he was going to the Club on evenings when Georgina was not going out, and she didn't bother to wait up for him.

Sometimes, when she thought of their early days together, she felt a pang, but perhaps there was no need for it. You settled down, she told herself; and they were quite happy. Edward had his interests and she had hers; you could not expect to live always in each other's pockets.

Somehow, without her being aware of how it had come about, their life was running to a new

SUPPER

AFTER a busy day coping with the children, the cooking, and the hundred and one other jobs that crowd into the day of every housewife, we all long to relax in the evening and enjoy a simple, appetising meal, quickly and easily prepared. So this week I've chosen recipes for delicious supper dishes, which take a minimum of time to rustle up, and will give a maximum of enjoyment to everyone gathered round the supper table!

Rice and Sausage (illustrated).

Required:

To a pound of sausages allow eight ounces of Patna rice. (There should be 2 sausages per person).

A pinch of salt.

A pinch of mace.

Fat for frying.

Two cupfuls of stock (or two cupfuls of water and two "Oxo" cubes).

A head of celery.

A dessertspoonful of plain flour.

WASH and strain the rice. Put the stock into a saucepan with a pinch of mace and salt and bring to the boil, then add the rice. Boil for thirty minutes, or until the stock is absorbed. Wash the celery, cut off the green top and put aside. Cut the celery into cubes about one and a half inches long. Put into a saucepan of water with a little salt and boil for ten to fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, fry the sausages in a pan with a little fat. When cooked, put on a plate and keep hot, while you make the gravy. Add a little more fat to the frying-pan, if there is not enough left over after frying the sausages. Stir a dessertspoonful of plain flour into the fat, then add about half a pint of water in which the celery has been cooked. Add a little browning or meat extract if necessary and stir until hot and smooth. Arrange the rice, sausages and celery on a dish, as illustrated, garnish with the green celery tops, and serve the gravy separately.

Sweet Corn Savoury.

Required:

One tin of whole kernel sweet corn (not the creamed variety).

One egg per person.

Grated cheese to garnish.

Required for the sauce:

One ounce of margarine.

One ounce of plain flour.

Seasoning.

Half a pint of milk.

Two ounces of grated cheese.

pattern—a very pleasant pattern. And she was sure that Edward did not ask himself "How?" or "Why?", for he was not given to introspection. So perhaps it was foolish of her to ponder sometimes on those first months of their marriage, when they had wanted nobody but each other, and would not have dreamed of doing anything separately.

Oh, well, you grew up, that was it, she supposed. They were happy enough. Well, weren't they?

Only somehow the beginning had been so idyllic, so different. In those days, she hadn't dreamed that it would fizzle out into the

ordinary, humdrum, happy marriage, when you said, "Hallo, darling. Had a good time?" and didn't bother to listen to the answer.

ONE day, during the winter, Edward said:

"Georgie, I'm going to Twickenham to-morrow. There's an international rugby match. We've got some tickets in the office, so don't expect me till you see me."

"Oh, Edward, you can't go to-morrow! It's my birthday," Georgina protested. "We were going out to celebrate. Don't you remember?"

TIME

STRAIN the liquor from the corn, and save it. Put the corn into greased, individual Pyrex dishes, break an egg on to each and cover with cheese sauce. Put dishes into the oven for a short time to set the eggs, but take care not to cook them hard. When set, remove the dishes from the oven and sprinkle grated cheese over the eggs. Put them under the grill for a few minutes to brown, and serve at once.

To Make The Cheese Sauce : Melt the margarine in a saucepan. Remove from heat and stir in the flour, then the seasoning to taste. Stir in the milk, a little at a time, and bring to the boil, stirring all the time to avoid lumps. Cook for two to three minutes, then stir in the grated cheese.

Cheese Pudding.

Required :

One cupful of grated cheese.
One cupful of breadcrumbs.
Half a pint of milk.
Two beaten eggs.
Salt.
One ounce of melted butter.

MIX the beaten eggs with the milk, and add the butter, salt, cheese and breadcrumbs. Pour into a greased pie-dish. Dot with margarine,

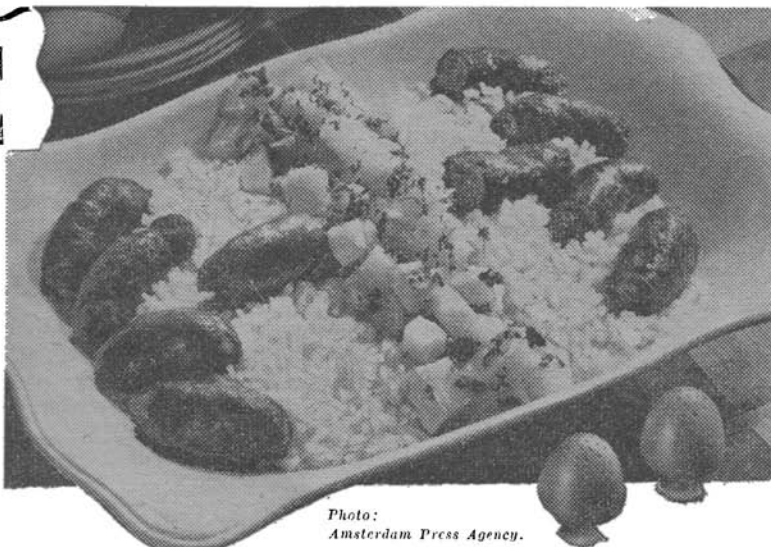


Photo:
Amsterdam Press Agency.

sprinkle a little grated cheese on top, and bake slowly for about half an hour.

Kedgeree.

Required :

Eight ounces of cooked, flaked, smoked haddock.
Ounce of butter.
Six ounces of cooked, well-drained rice.
Two hard-boiled eggs.
Pepper and salt to taste.
One raw egg.
Two to three tablespoonfuls of cream or top of the milk.

MELT the butter in a saucepan. Put in the fish and shake over heat until thoroughly hot. Add the rice and hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Shake and stir over the heat with a fork for a few minutes, then add the raw egg beaten with enough cream or top of milk to moisten it nicely. Serve very hot.

GLADYS OWEN'S PRACTICAL COOKERY PAGES

WHATEVER your cookery problem, **GLADYS OWEN** can solve it for you! Write to her for advice at the address on page 40, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply.

"Oh!" Edward said. "I hadn't really forgotten. I have your present, but somehow I'd forgotten it was to-morrow."

He made a rueful face at her. "Would it break your heart if I went? It's such a bit of luck to get tickets. Look, we'll celebrate one day next week."

She knew that he meant to go, and what sort of celebration would it be if he stayed at home reluctantly, anyway? So she managed a very pale smile, and the next morning she got up very early and made breakfast for him, and saw him off, and even said: "Enjoy yourself."

October 4th, 1958

"You are an angel girl," he said, giving her a hasty hug as he dashed away.

Well, there was no need to be childish about it, Georgina told herself. She was getting too old to fuss about birthdays; any day next week would do for celebrating. . . . But it wouldn't, it wouldn't! Oh, her birthday was not important, but she was faced with the realisation that last year Edward hadn't forgotten. Last year, he'd awakened her with an enormous bunch of red roses; to-day, in the rush to get away, he had forgotten to give her her present . . .

She tried to be reasonable and grown-up, but it was no use; this business about her birthday was not important in itself, but it was a symptom of what was happening to them.

"You don't know each other," Father had protested when they'd got married, and she remembered herself saying to Edward:

"What if, when we get to know each other, we find that we don't like each other?"

Did she like Edward, now that she had time to get to know him? Could you like anyone about

(Continued on next page.)

THEY SAID WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER.

(Continued from previous page.)

whom you so often felt disapproving, as she did about Edward? And, of course, it worked the other way, too, for no doubt Edward frequently disapproved of her, and he wasn't in the least bit interested in anything that interested her.

She spent the long day giving the flat a good clean, and all the time these dismaying thoughts churned through her mind. She thought that she would wait up for him. But, after all, she went to bed early, knowing that she was in no mood to listen to a minute-by-minute account of the match.

She didn't hear him come in, but when she awoke, there he was, his dark head buried in the pillow, his dark lashes fanned against his cheek, and a little half-smile on his lips.

"You!" Georgina thought impatiently, yet at the same time barely able to restrain herself from kissing him.

It was almost lunch-time when

he appeared, looking fresh and cheerful.

"Well, what a day it was!" he said. "Come and sit down, while I tell you all about it."

That was too much.

"I don't really want to hear about it," she said coldly.

Edward looked surprised and hurt.

"But I told you, before I went, that I was sorry. I said I'd make it up to you..."

"Oh, it isn't my silly birthday," she cried. "It's everything... All those people who said we didn't know each other, and when I said how awful it would be if, when we got to know each other, we didn't like each other..."

She broke off sharply. Edward was standing by the window, with his back to her.

"So you've decided you don't like me?" he asked, over his shoulder.

That terrified her, and she skidded away from a direct reply.

"How can we like each other? We haven't a single interest in common. We never do anything together. We're just two people, living in the same house. Oh,

Edward, this is no good..."

He turned from the window, and he looked neither upset nor surprised—only grave, and much older.

"I know," he said. "I've been thinking about it lately." And that astonished her, for she had never supposed that Edward gave serious thought to anything.

"We can't change each other," he said. "You're bored with rigger, for one thing, and I'm bored with classical music. All right, that's how we are. But I agree that just meeting each other as we dash in and out, and saying, 'Be seeing you,' is no way to be going on..."

"Well, then?" Georgina said, her heart sinking, wondering if this was the end.

"So now we must start trying," he went on. "You know, at the beginning, it's easy. Being madly in love covers everything. You think of yourselves as one person. You and I have come to the difficult time, Georgie, realising that we are separate people, with separate interests. But two people living under one roof and leading entirely separate lives—that doesn't make a marriage, my girl. So now you must do my things with me sometimes, though they bore you, and likewise for myself..."

★
GEORGINA stared at him, feeling that she had never known him, feeling that help had come from the quarter where she had least expected it.

"Besides, haven't you forgotten something?" he asked. "We do have one thing in common—the most important thing of all. We love each other. Remember how we felt when we first saw each other? That's how it is still. Everything else can be tidied up, now that we know what we have to deal with. You do still love me, don't you, Georgie?"

★
She thought of that morning when, in spite of her irritation, she had been barely able to restrain herself from kissing him. Suddenly, she saw him as more than the boy whom she loved. He was her husband, who could take the tangles of their lives in his hands, and straighten them out.

"Well, do you?" he asked. "Or had you forgotten about that?" She flung herself into his arms then.

"Oh, you know I do. Oh, Edward. Hold me; don't ever let me forget again..."

"Georgie," he murmured into her hair. And in that moment, she knew that whatever might happen to them, they would never lose the magic of that rainy afternoon, when they had looked at each other across the art gallery, and known they were in love...

THE END.

MARY ROSE REMINDS YOU...

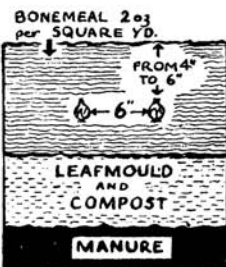
About the Garden...



★
THIS is a very good time to plant the daffodils and narcissi. Well-rotted, not fresh, manure may be dug in—below planting level, if the soil is light and poor. Above this, dig in plenty of leafmould and compost. Large trumpet daffodils need a covering of 4 inches if growing in heavy soil, or of 6 inches in light; medium sized bulbs need less soil covering, while the miniature varieties—used in rockeries—need only 2½ inches.

★
See that the ground round the roots of brussels sprouts is really firm. Loose soil is often a reason for poor development, and brussels sprouts should be very firmly planted from the start. Stamp the earth down and, if necessary, add a little soil around the base of each plant, to help them withstand strong winds.

★
Gather the sprouts from the bottom of the stem first, cutting them off, if possible, so as to leave a short stem. On no account cut off the tops of the plants, as these help to feed the plants and also afford some protection to the sprouts in severe weather. But do remove yellowing and dead leaves.



"IS it going to be fair or dark? Will it curl?" These

thoughts pass through every mother's mind, as she twists her new baby's wispy, soft hair round her finger. A boy, she feels, can get along with any sort of hair; but for

a girl, pretty hair is an important beauty point, and most essential for a nice appearance at any age.

It's also a reflection of general health and the right diet; for the condition of the hair and scalp responds extremely quickly to good health and to fresh, natural items in the meals, that provide adequate mineral salts and vitamins.

It used to be commonplace for young women in the industrial areas to have very little hair by the time they were in their twenties. Kipling's "hank of hair" was a fair description!

What an amazing change we have seen, in one generation. To-day's girls have thick, healthy, well-groomed hair. Few of them neglect it, and it's all to the good if they try out different

AND here's an enchanting toddler with pretty hair—an entry in our "Happy Snaps" competition, sent in by Mr. J. Lea, and wins £2 2s. for him. He doesn't, however, tell us whether the little one is a girl or boy!



LITTLE GIRL WITH PRETTY HAIR

styles and different makes of shampoo. Their healthy hair is due to regular care, and to a good diet from babyhood onwards.

Babies now start their "vitamin extras" almost from birth, and enjoy fruit and vegetables in purée form, eggs, broth, finely minced beef and liver, and cereals, too, from the half-way line of their first year, or even earlier. If this good diet is established, the hair growth will reflect it, later on.

What about the care of a baby's hair? Well, in the early days, Baby should be bathed all over, every day, starting with the head and face, which are gently soaped and well rinsed, then patted dry with a soft, warm towel.

Later, once a week is often enough to wash the head. This stage comes when Baby is a few months old and able to sit up in the bath—well supported by Mother's arm, of course.

A baby's fluffy hair with which he started life may all fall out, and there's no need to worry if he's completely bald for a time. Sometimes, too, he may rub the hair off the back of his head by rolling his head about in bed (no pillow, please!). Don't worry. It will grow plentifully when

he's spending more time sitting up and playing.

Scurf on baby's head, which is so ugly, and such a worry to many mothers, is often caused by soap left on at bath-time. Do rinse out the soap very thoroughly, and give gentle friction afterwards to the whole head with the towel. Don't be afraid to towel over the "soft spot." This closes up by the age of eighteen months, and in the meantime, a little friction won't do it any harm.

If scurf persists, apply a little pure olive oil a while before bath-time, to loosen it, and make it easier to remove in the bath. It won't come away of its own accord, by the way. You'll have to remove it gently and carefully with a piece of cotton-wool, or a corner of the sponge.

If the scurf is really bad and doesn't respond to this treatment, and if there is any trace of soreness on the scalp, ask the doctor about it, for it may be a form of eczema.

After these early months, a baby's hair should be shampooed once a week. There are specially prepared shampoos for babies and toddlers, which won't smart if, by mistake, a little gets into the eyes.

(Continued on next page.)

LETTER-BOX

After an attack of gastric flu, the doctor has advised my mother-in-law to take a fat-free diet, and I find it difficult to know what to give her.

GIVE her lean meat and fish, grilling it instead of frying, as this uses up the fat it contains. Avoid oily fish such as mackerel or herrings, and tinned fish or meats. Skim the milk, and avoid cream. A certain amount of fresh fruit and vegetables should be taken, and she can have just a scraping of butter on her bread, though crisp, un buttered toast would be better still. Pastry should be avoided, as it is particularly rich in fat.—To "Mrs. D."

"HOME CHAT'S" BABY CIRCLE.

To join our Baby Circle, please post this coupon together with a 1s. 3d. Postal Order to:

Dr. Margaret, G.P.O. Box 682, "Home Chat," The Fleetway House, London, E.C.4. Fill in the coupon in block letters, and please make your Postal Order payable to The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., and cross it /& Co./.

Dr. Margaret will send you:

- (1) Booklet "Before and After Baby Comes" and/or
- (2) Booklet "From Six Months to Five Years" and
- (3) Knitting Leaflet for Baby's undies and booties.
- (4) And give you the opportunity to buy Privilege Price Patterns.

Name

Address

How many children have you?

Ages (in years only)

1st..... 2nd..... 3rd..... 4th.....

If you are expecting a baby, give probable date of birth.....

LITTLE GIRL WITH PRETTY HAIR.

(Continued from previous page.)

Towelling is sufficient for the first few months; when a brush becomes necessary, choose a really good one, which will last right through the first couple of years, and keep it scrupulously clean.

I suppose every mother would like her little girl to have curly hair—but curly hair's an *inborn* tendency; parents with straight hair are likely to have children with straight hair.

I don't approve of a "perm" of any kind for a child. If your child has straight hair, keep it beautiful by regular washing and brushing, and try out different ways of doing it.

Some children dread having their hair cut. I have known this cured very simply by drawing a paper doll with long hair and letting the child cut the hair.

Then draw the same doll again with long hair. "Look how quickly dolly's hair has grown again—just as ours does, after it has been cut," you can say. A very simple explanation and a game *beforehand* can take all the terror out of an unfamiliar experience.

Actually, of course, it's the little boys who don't like having their hair cut who are most trouble to a mother. If a small girl is afraid of the hairdresser's, it's simple to leave her hair long, but a boy must have his hair cut frequently.

I fancy most of them would find it a treat rather than an ordeal if Daddy, instead of Mummy, took them for a haircut—and to a barber's rather than a ladies' hairdresser's. Then it makes a man's occasion of the whole business, and a visit to the barber's becomes a red-letter day.

WRITE TO DR. MARGARET if you have any problems regarding child care or general health. Her special address is G.P.O. Box 682, "Home Chat," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letter, and quote your Baby Circle Membership number.

Next time...make sure you get

CASSEROLE BRAND STEWED STEAK



*Ireland's
Best!*

Selected beef from Ireland's rich pastures. Remember the label and refuse substitutes.

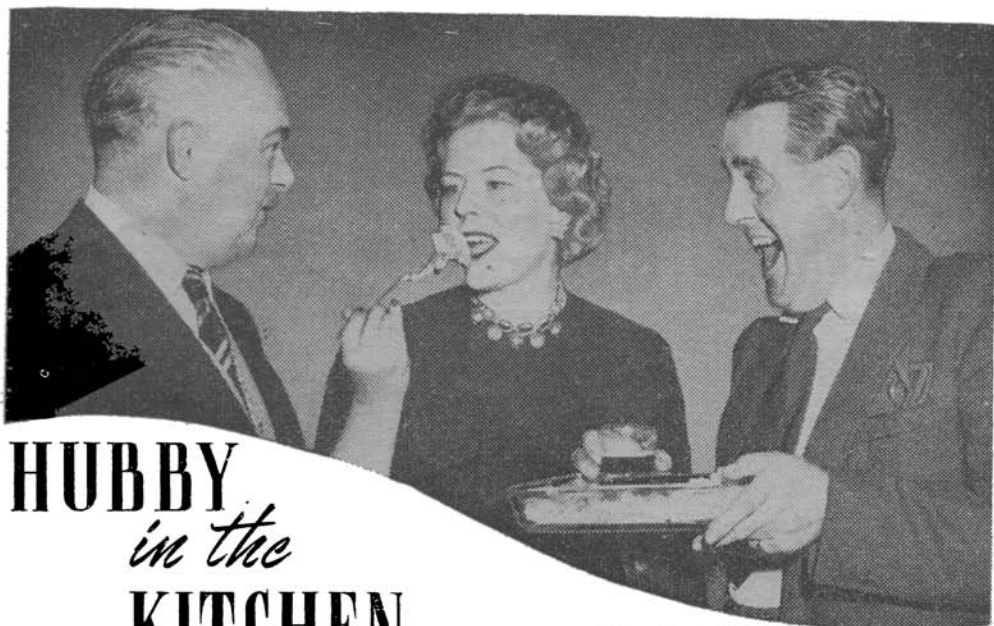
Produced by: **ROSCREA MEAT PRODUCTS LTD., ROSCREA, CO. TIPPERARY.**

What Hospitals prescribe for Indigestion

Writing recently on the subject of indigestion, a famous doctor stated "Of the thousands of gallons of medicine handed out ... at ——— Hospital, the record is still held by *Haust. Gent. cum Rheo Alk* (Alk. being Sodium Bicarbonate)".

In other words, an alkaline prescription based on Sodium Bicarbonate is still widely favoured by the medical profession. And that is why millions of stomach sufferers all over the world—in 45 different countries—rely on 'Bismag'. In 'Bismag,' super-fine Sodium Bicarbonate is combined with Bismuth and Magnesium compounds to ensure quicker, surer relief in cases of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, etc. Insist on the tried and trusted prescription. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'—75 tablets 2/-.

HOME CHAT



HUBBY *in the* KITCHEN

Photo: Birmingham Despatch and Mercury, Ltd.

JAMES DOWDALL has been organising a series of cooking competitions all over the country under the title "Hubby in the Kitchen." He's got a bee in his bonnet about driving men into the kitchen, and making them cook meals for their wives and families. As women, we hail him as a hero! Leave this article lying about, where your husbands can see it! Our picture shows the author (on the right), with Joan Gilbert and "Dan Archer" of B.B.C. fame.

I STARTED cooking, because I found myself staying with a friend who couldn't cook and whose wife had broken her arm half an hour before I arrived. Their farm was miles from anywhere. There was no question of getting somebody in to make the evening meal.

I don't have to describe matters any further, except to record that I didn't want my hostess to tell me what to do. Men love to find things out for themselves. The meal was a simple one and was pronounced to be eatable. It started something; and now, twenty years later, I look back with gratitude on the evening which taught me that cooking is as good a hobby or relaxation as darts, rug-making, or growing prize chrysanthemums. My wife agrees. I don't cook a meal for her and my son more than two or three times a week. But when I do, it's good. I have learned the job by trial and error, and I like to think that a certain amount of male logic goes into the food I produce.

The recipes I'm giving aren't so much recipes as principles. I've avoided saying much about quantities. Heart and instinct are the basis of success in cooking, as in romance.

The first time I ever got a cheque from a national newspaper was for a recipe called simply, "Fish Pie." I cannot remember it exactly, but this doesn't matter. The principle remains. Let's go . . .

Fish Pie.

MASH some potatoes. How much mashed potato you produce depends on your dish and the size of your family or party, doesn't it? So don't let me insult you with a lot of statistics and quantities.

The only part of this dish that needs any skill is making the parsley sauce. Melt about a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and then stir in about a tablespoonful and a half of flour. Cook this, stirring all the time, over a low heat. Now, start adding milk, a little at a time, stirring all the while, until the sauce looks the right consistency. If it goes lumpy, don't be discouraged; push it through a sieve with a wooden spoon and the lumps will come out. Add salt and pepper to taste. Throw some chopped parsley into the sauce, and there you are.

Line your pie-dish with mashed potatoes and leave a good lot over to put on the top. Into the dish put some boiled cod, parsley sauce, chopped tomato and mushrooms. If you are the good, brave spirit I hope you are, you will also put in a lot of other things in an uninhibited way. You may, for example, have half a rasher of cold bacon which someone didn't finish at breakfast. Cut it up and put it in. Or half a tin of peas or baked beans lying about, unloved and waiting for a purpose in life. In they go. If you are feeling dashing and have a few shillings to spend, throw in a tin of shrimps or a bottle of mussels, or both.

(Continued on next page.)

WHY YOUR CHILD NEEDS SPECIAL ASPIRIN



Normal adult aspirins are made for adult dosage. When you give your child aspirin you have to break one of these aspirins. Can you be sure you're always giving the correct *safe* dose? You can with Angiers Junior Aspirin because they're specially made for children. Each tablet contains exactly $1\frac{1}{4}$ grains of aspirin, a safe dose for even the smallest child. (The recommended correct

dosage, depending on the age of your child, is given in the instructions on the bottle.) They're pleasantly orange-flavoured and coloured, so there's no difficulty in getting a child to take them. Angiers Junior Aspirin contain Di-calcium Phosphate to prevent any likelihood of stomach upset. So make sure you ask for Angiers Junior Aspirin—easy to give, pleasant to take, and *safe* for your child.

ANGIERS JUNIOR ASPIRIN

Specially made for children



HUBBY IN THE KITCHEN.

(Continued from previous page.)

All this "content" for your pie should be mixed well before you pour it in. Its taste should be a "combined operation."

Finally, cover the lot with mashed potato, so that the pie will have a good, hard "hat." Into this covering, press some thinly-sliced tomato and onion. Leave the pie in a very slow oven on the bottom shelf for as long as you can afford the gas or electricity—three hours is my limit. Then put it on the top shelf, and race the heat like mad till the pie browns. The big thrill comes when you put a spoon into it, and the steam and the lovely aroma of fish and parsley and etceteras mushrooms up into the room.

This fish pie is, as I say, more of a principle than a recipe. Chuck it all in. Obviously, you have to use your own judgment. But don't, please, be frightened of using up odds and ends. It's astonishing what can go into a fish pie. Every vegetable goes. Bacon goes. Chopped hard-boiled egg is a dream. A couple of chopped spring onions can give it life. The great thing is to let it cook slowly, so that all the ingredients can get to terms with each other.

And now another famous "chuck-it-all-in dish," which is

★ ★ ★



A
H
A
P
P
Y
S
N
A
P

ISN'T he a darling? This little boy is the picture of health and happiness, and he's won a prize of two guineas for Mr. E. W. Elby, of Wimbledon, in our "Happy Snaps" Competition. Congratulations, Mr. Elby.

HOME CHAT

worth trying — bouillabaisse. Don't be put off by its French name. It's as down-to-earth as tripe and trotters, and is, indeed, the dish invented by the most impoverished French housewives who live in sea ports, like Marseilles, and have to provide something to keep their families going, while spending as little money as possible. Bouillabaisse is, for some reason, a "snob" dish in this country, but in its own home, it's a peasant one. So show a bit of enterprise and try it one day.

Bouillabaisse.

THIS is simply a fish soup. It's no more a "recipe" than my fish pie. It's made by pitching some scraps from the fishmongers—together with any vegetables that are lying about, like tomatoes, carrots and onions—into a saucepan of water. Add salt, pepper, one or two cloves, some herbs and a bay-leaf, if you like—anything to give it a "kick." Boil this up for half an hour or so, to make a good fish stock. Cut up and bone some better fish, such as cod, haddock or hake. Strain your fish stock off into another pan. Chuck in the hunks of fish, together with a few more tomatoes, and simmer until cooked. If you like—and can afford it—add grander things like prawns, shrimps, or lobster. In France, they throw in a little wine or brandy. I see nothing against dry cider. Be brave!

Now for a raid-the-larder, use up all the odds and ends dish—stuffed omelette. Here, you can use chopped up cold bacon, minced cold meat, left-over vegetables, grated stale cheese — scobp up the lot. Heat up the left-overs gently, ready to fold into the omelette, which should be made this way:

Omelette.

BUST as many eggs as you need, season them and beat them up. Melt enough butter in a frying-pan to cover the bottom. Tip the eggs in. Tilt the pan from side to side so that the beaten egg cooks evenly. When you've got a nice soft middle to the omelette toss in the filling and, fold the omelette over in half, so that the filling's sandwiched in the middle. What could be easier than that?

October 4th, 1958



Next Week



A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF CHUNKY KNITTEDS . . . THICK . . . COSY . . . EASY-TO-MAKE

Don't miss these special pull-out pages.



ANOTHER instalment of our dramatic new romantic serial . . . "THE GATED ROAD," by JEAN MACLEOD . . .



T.V.'s keep-fit expert, EILEEN FOWLER, will be bringing you another article in her new series, "THE WAY TO YOUTH AND BEAUTY."



ANNE CHESTER writes more about marriage and its problems.



WITH Mrs. Archer's Country Scrapbook and Richard Dimbleby's series, this is an issue not to be missed. Do place a regular order with your newsagent. Just fill in this form and hand it to him now.

Please reserve a copy of **HOME CHAT** for me every week.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE GATED ROAD.

(Continued from page 4.)

Even before she had picked up the purr of the car's powerful engine, she saw it winding its way along the twisting road beneath her, in and out among the thick hedges of rhododendrons, and the dark patches of trees which fringed the lake. It came steadily up the hill and, with an unconscious straightening of her slim shoulders, she closed the cottage gate behind her and went to meet it.

SHE knew almost before Stephen got out of the car. When he saw her, he jammed on his brakes, bringing the Mercedes to a standstill a yard or two along the road. In that moment, she had glimpsed something in his face which turned her heart to ice. It lay, still and cold, in her breast as she walked slowly across the grass towards him.

"I've had a devil of a job finding you!" he managed to say lightly, as he got out from behind the wheel. "You certainly prefer solitude, Jane!"

She smiled, but she could not bring herself to speak.

"You got my letter?" he asked. "Yes," Penny wrote to me, too—the words came out in a rush. "I got—both your letters by the same post."

He made a small, impatient gesture with his hands.

"I asked her not to write," he said. "I felt that I ought to come and tell you myself—"

He was looking uncomfortable now, grasping for the right words, and suddenly Jane was sorry for him.

"It's all right," she assured him dully. "You couldn't help it—you or Penny. It's—the sort of thing that might happen to anyone and—and we weren't engaged, Stephen—not formally engaged."

"No," he agreed, almost with relief, as if that might make things easier all round. "The devil of the thing is that Penny was—is."

HE made the amendment as if he had just thought about Penny's obligation to someone else, and for the first time Jane remembered Adam Drummond. The man her twin had promised to marry, a man she herself had not yet seen.

"I suppose he'll give her up," she suggested flatly.

"I can't say how sorry I am, Janey—"

She was suddenly very tired, and heard Stephen's voice as if it came from some great distance, far beyond the hills, and a desperate sort of unreality flooded across her mind.

This couldn't be true, her heart began to plead. It was no more than a dreadful nightmare, from

which she would awake to find herself in Stephen's arms.

But he did not take her into his arms. He stood uncertainly beside the car, wishing the interview over, and yet obviously not knowing how to end it.

Jane's heart felt like lead. It was all over. Stephen was in love with someone else...

She wanted him to go now. Desperately, she wanted that before she collapsed ignominiously at his feet, begging for the return of his love.

Harsh, dry sobs rose into her throat, but she forced them back. This was to be a clean break. Stephen expected it of her.

"Will you come to the cottage?" she asked, hoping that he would refuse. "I can make you some coffee."

He took his cue from the desperation underlying her words.

"I have to get back. Janey—forgive me!"

He took a step towards her, but she warded him off with a small, bleak cry.

"No, Stephen! I'd rather you went, straight away, like this. Don't even say good-bye."

★ ★ ★ That's Tact

I DIDN'T lie. I didn't fib.

I was honest, sweet and glib.

"What a stunning hat!" I cried.

I was so stunned I nearly died!

Cleoral Lovell.

★ ★ ★

He got into the car and sat there for a moment, hesitating. Then, without another word or a backward look, he let in his clutch and drove down the hill towards the lake.

Jane watched until the car was out of sight, her mind and body numbed into a blank immobility by the finality of his departure, by the sudden and devastating nature of her loss.

She felt the tears gathering in her eyes and, fighting them back, she fled to the cottage, thankful to be alone.

In its haven, the tears came, blinding her, welling up out of her weakness, and her utter desolation of spirit.

I mustn't give way like this, she thought desperately. I mustn't! There must be something I can do.

To bring Stephen back? She smiled wanly. No, that was impossible. Their love was over now—for ever, and Penny was all Stephen wanted.

Penny? It was unbelievable. She could not sort it out, and inevitably she came back to the thought of Adam Drummond. Had Penny told him? Was a

letter already on its way to the lonely farmhouse on the Cumberland fells, breaking his heart, too?

Jane had never met Adam. His brief acquaintance with her twin, which had culminated so unexpectedly in their engagement, had begun while Jane had been touring abroad with her first ballet company.

Penny had become engaged to her young man from the northern fells before Jane had returned from Zürich, where the tour had ended.

Two days before the plane had taken off on its homeward flight, she had gone into the mountains with a skiing party, and been brought back on a stretcher... the stretcher on which she had eventually returned to England.

An accident, she thought. An accident to crumble all the future!

WITH suddenly trembling hands, she smoothed out Penny's letter, not knowing why she should want to read it for a second time. The first half of the letter was already seared into her memory by events, and now, perhaps, there was nothing more to add. Nothing that really mattered.

Automatically, her eyes followed the scrawled words. Penny's letter, not knowing why she should want to read it for a second time. The first half of the letter was already seared into her memory by events, and now, perhaps, there was nothing more to add. Nothing that really mattered.

She was asking a favour.

I don't know how I am going to tell Adam, she wrote. Stephen says I must see him and explain it all—fairly. But how can I, Jane? How can you explain anything like this to a person like Adam? He is going to be angry—terribly, terribly angry! I feel that, if I saw him, he'd force me to keep my promise. He considers an engagement a sort of sacred bargain. Where he comes from, people don't get involved in engagements unless they are sure about their feelings.

Please, please go and see Adam for me. You'll know what to say to him. You can tell him about it better than I ever could, and you are so near. You could get there and back in a day, if only you would!

Jane could only gasp at the effrontery of the suggestion, yet, in so many ways, it was like Penny. She hated to hurt people.

As she had just pointed out, she would probably return to London still engaged to Adam Drummond if she did make the trip to Cumberland. Penny just couldn't look at anyone and see them suffer.

Yet she could inflict suffering almost unthinkingly. All Jane's bitterness welled to the surface again, as she cast her sister's letter aside. Why should she go and see Adam Drummond? Why should she undertake such an errand on Penny's behalf?

I won't help, she decided

HOME CHAT

stormily. Penny ought to go and see Adam. After all, Stephen has come here—honestly, truthfully...

But Penny's pleading words beat against her mind, even when she tried to reject them. Please, please go and see Adam for me. There was desperation in her plea, and a suggestion of panic which bordered on fear.

What kind of man was Adam Drummond? Jane wondered. And what had Penny to fear from him, unless it might be his contempt?

If I only knew what to do, she thought.

The day wore on, and she'd come to no decision. The longest day in her life, stretching bleakly to its end.

All night long, she tossed fitfully, suspended over a dark abyss of heart-break which was gradually deepened by doubt.

By the morning her sympathy for Adam Drummond had widened to an all-embracing understanding. His position was the same as

her own. Deep down, there would be the same terrible sense of loss, the same awareness of betrayal.

Then Penny settled everything for her, by wiring frantically:

Drummond expecting me to-day. Jane, you must go. Am packing for New York. Penny.

In her letter, Penny had enclosed the Drummonds' address, "just in case" Jane would shoulder her responsibilities for her, and now that final telegram had made it impossible to refuse. Penny had probably known that she was going to America all along.

JANE set off with a heavy heart, locking up the cottage and taking an overnight bag with her in case she might have to stay in Carlisle or somewhere on the way back. She had to change buses at Kendal and again at Penrith, and all the while the thought of timely retreat lingered in her mind.

She had no idea what sort of message Penny might have wired to High Tor, or whether she had sent any at all.

Eventually, she took her seat in the local bus which would take her as near to High Tor as she could get without a private conveyance.

"There's only one bus a day goes through to Kirkcubright," the conductress told her conversationally. "High Tor's a mile or two beyond that, right in the heart of the hills." She gazed at Jane with frank curiosity in her eyes.

"You'll be met, I dare say," she suggested. "It's a goodish way."

"I've no idea," Jane answered lamely. "I suppose someone will meet the bus."

(Continued on page 37.)

PRIZES for our X-WORD

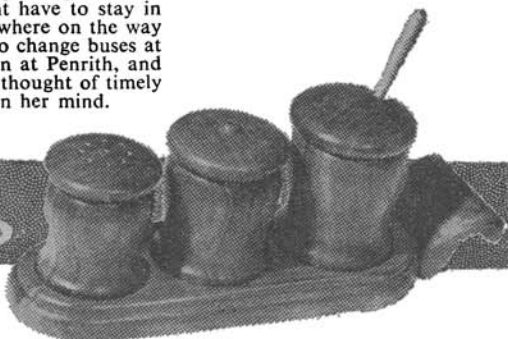
WE'RE very pleased to announce the winners of Prize Crossword 91 this week. They are: Mrs. M. Arthur of Bowdon, Altrincham, Cheshire; Mrs. H. Ford of Blackley, Manchester, 9 and Mrs. N. Sheldon of Sherwood, Nottingham. Theirs were the first three correct entries checked on the closing date, and each won a Fox umbrella. The solution to Crossword 91 is as follows. Across: 1. Quai d'Orsay. 11. Ulster. 12. Hare. 13. Athenaeum. 14. Kismet. 16. Arab. 19. Emotion. 23. Ida. 24. Rabid. 25. Roads. 26. Stele. 27. Inner. 28. Ceres. 29. Ezra. Down: 1. Quakers. 2. Ultimate. 3. Ash. 4. Item. 5. Dene. 6. Oratorio. 7. Rhea. 8. Saurian. 9. Arm. 10. Yew. 15. Sober. 17. Adder. 18. Basra. 20. Tile. 21. Ides. 22. None.

PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 94.

Clues Across: 2. The Leaning Tower of Pisa is one. 9. Alpine, China, cabbage or tea, perhaps. 10. Famous Persian port. 13. Nest, breeding-place. 15. Absolute lake. 16. Scottish Celt. 17. Fruit. 19. No. 1 this is struck 101 times each night at Oxford. 21. Manufacturing town near Glasgow, found in a hair-drier. 23. Outstanding at sport at Oxford or Cambridge. 26. Gallows. 29. This is shipped from No. 10. 30. Rough, unhewn piece of wood. 31. Now called the Republic of Ireland. 32. He is frequently in No. 2 across.

Clues Down: 1. Large. 2. Important river of Central Africa. 3. This stretches from the Arctic to the Indian Ocean. 4. What Jason or any other husband might call his wife! 5. No. 1 this hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral. 6. He ranks higher than an ordinary seaman (abbr.). 7. Called. 8. East-north-east (abbr.). 11. Precious. 12. pensée is just an afterthought. 14. Spray or cluster. 18. No. 1 this is at York Minster. 20. One of the Inner Hebrides. 22. Borodin didn't finish his opera about this prince. 23. Simple peal of bells. 24. A white one is often excusable. 25. Forty-five inches. 27. Inner room of a Scottish cottage. 28. This No. 27 is at Westminster.

October 4th, 1958



PRIZES will be awarded for the first three correct entries of Prize Crossword No. 94 checked on the closing date, October 14th, 1958. These very attractive wooden condiment sets are the prizes, so do have a try at winning one. Just complete the solution, fill in the coupon (both in ink), then cut out the whole panel and post to: "Home Chat" Prize Crossword No. 94, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). The Editor's decision is final.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8
9				10			11	12
	13				14	15		
	16				17			18
19		20	21	22				
23	24		25	26		27	28	
29			30			31		
32								

Name

Address

H.Ct.94

GIVE YOUR GARMENTS THE

Quality Touch

WITH

SECIL

SHIRLEY (REGD)
AND
CHERRY BRAND
Knitting Wools

STOCKISTS THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY

Try SILBE ASTHMA INHALANT

Don't let asthma make your life a misery. After consulting your doctor take SILBE ASTHMA INHALANT and enjoy the relief that follows—easier breathing and confidence regained.

Obtainable from all Chemists.
In cases of difficulty write to:—
SILBE
32, Batterdale, Hatfield, Herts.

For your
DIGESTIVE
disorders

*Here's
prompt
relief—
anywhere
anytime!*

From chemists
1/7 & 3/2



**DeWitt's
ANTACID
TABLETS**

quickly stop

INDIGESTION

Also available:
De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Tell me Doctor!



"Why do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and, above all, must keep them hygienic.

There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children.

A kinder soap, a better soap.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
TOILET SOAP

The Golden Tablet in Bath & Toilet sizes

BESTWAY
and
WELDON'S
KNITTING
PATTERNS

Ask to see a selection at your newsagents, woolshop or wherever knitting patterns are sold.

PRICES 4d. and 6d.

FOR DELICIOUS CREAMY PUDDINGS AT THEIR VERY BEST

Ask your Grocer for
HEAP'S
PEACOCK BRAND
SELECTED WHOLE RICE
in 1lb. and 1lb. packets

JOSEPH HEAP & SONS LTD. LIVERPOOL 2.
BRITAIN'S LARGEST RICE MILLERS

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING

THE GATED ROAD.

(Continued from page 35.)

After Penrith, as the gentle lake-land hills had fallen away behind her, she had watched the bleaker fells of Cumberland coming near—lonely, desolate hills which looked strangely remote in their isolation as they rolled upwards to form the barrier of the Pennines.

The lonely valley on either side of the upward-winding road looked too wild and remote to be inhabited, and at one point, she saw a deer standing on the crest of a hill, poised and nervously ready for flight at the slightest sound.

Jane could not help wondering what had possessed Penny to become engaged to a man with such a background—Penny of all people!

KIRKLEYHEAD was in the heart of the hills, she realised, when they reached it. A bare little hamlet, built entirely of grey stone, with a few houses huddled together in a short main street, as if for protection, a church with a squat Norman tower, a shop, and a school no bigger than the average village hall.

"This is as far as we go," the conductress told Jane. "It's the terminus."

Jane took down her case from the overhead rack. There was no sign of her being met. The village street was deserted, and the road beyond it looked as if it could lead to nowhere.

"How far is it to High Tor?" she asked, as she reached the open door. "Could I possibly walk?"

"Eh, no! It's all of ten miles, and a bad road at that."

The conductress considered her sympathetically.

"You could stay in the bus, if you like," she suggested. "They'll be down for you, don't worry! There's often something on the buses for them at High Tor. It's a big farm, and they're often on the road. Especially the younger brother. He's a caution, he is! You've got to pull well into the side when he's passing you in that sports car of his!"

"Is that—Mr. Adam Drummond?" Jane asked.

"Oh, no!" The reply was prompt and amused. "We'd have to get off the road altogether if Adam Drummond wanted to pass! Nobody likes him much round these parts. He's too arrogant." The girl took out a half-smoked cigarette and re-lit it. "But maybe you'd better find that out for yourself," she suggested as she inhaled appreciatively, "for here he comes!"

Jane wanted to shrink back into the shelter of the bus, wishing at

(Continued on next page.)

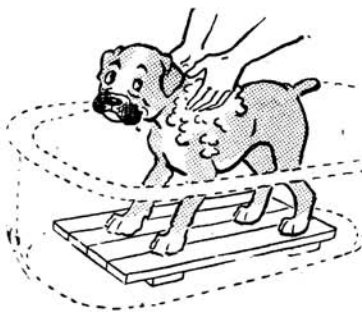
October 4th, 1958

PLAYBOX CORNER

* Bringing Up Bengo

DEAR Boys and Girls,
A few months ago, I told you a little about bathing Bengo. To-day, I want to tell you some more.

If you put Bengo in your own bath, it's a good idea to let him stand on a wooden platform, so he can't slip and become frightened. And make sure that the water isn't too hot—if it's hot

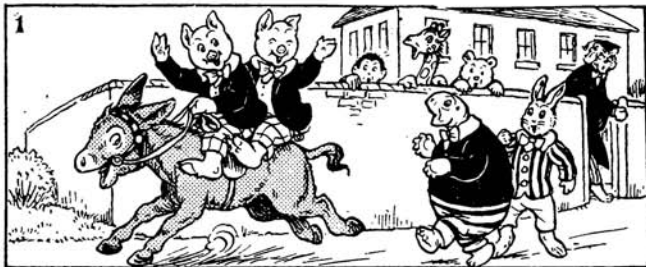


when you put your elbow in it, then it'll be very hot for Bengo.

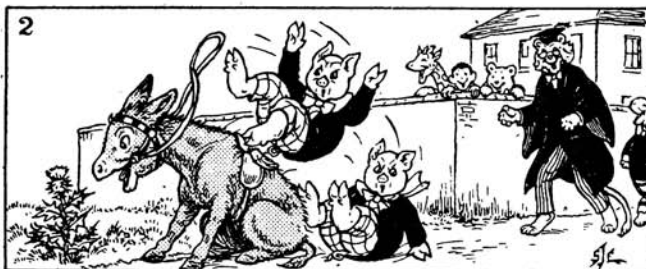
Use a good quality soap to clean his coat, and not one that contains anything irritating. Wash his head and ears last of all, and be careful not to get soap in his eyes. Never leave soap or water in his ears—it's very bad for him—but dry them carefully with a soft cloth.

TIM.

JUNGLE JINKS



1. One bright morning, the Piglets borrowed the school donkey. "Why do lessons on a lovely day?" they said. "We'll have a nice ride in the country instead." "Pity you can't come, too," shouted Billy to the other boys. "Gee-up, Neddy!"



2. Suddenly, Neddy saw a lovely big thistle. "Hee-haw!" he brayed. "Nothing like a good breakfast to start with!" He stopped abruptly, and down he sat. "Where are we going?" gasped the Piglets, toppling off. "Back to school!" chuckled Doctor Lion, hurrying after them.

THE GATED ROAD.

(Continued from previous page.)

this eleventh hour that she hadn't come, that even now there might be some way of escape. Suddenly, she didn't want to meet this man, because she knew, even before she looked out through the bus window, that she had made a mistake. Adam Drummond was not the sort of person she had imagined him to be.

An old, powerful-looking car had drawn up at the far side of the road, and a big, broad-shouldered man was getting out from behind the wheel. He was taller than average, and he strode swiftly across the intervening space between them, covering the distance far too quickly for Jane's liking.

She had no time to draw breath before she was looking up into Adam Drummond's piercing grey eyes, that were the colour of smooth, cold steel. His firm mouth was tightened into a hard, thin line.

He knew that she was not Penny even before she got down from the bus. She was sure of that, yet he stood waiting silently—waiting for an explanation which she suddenly felt incapable of giving.

The bus moved on, turning in the wide space in front of the school, and they were alone. It seemed to Jane that the entire village was deserted, and all the hills had gathered closer to hear what she might have to say.

"I'm not Penny," she said needlessly. "I—think you know that."

The grey eyes searched hers.

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps you can explain?"

Jane looked about her in sudden desperation, but there did not seem to be anywhere where they could go to talk in privacy. It seemed that they would have to stand here, in the deserted village street, unable to reach any understanding about Penny or anything else.

Adam Drummond was not the sort of man to be persuaded. The set of his jaw was like granite, like the dark outcrops of rock she had seen high up against his native hills, and his cold grey eyes demanded the unvarnished truth.

"If—there was somewhere we could go," she suggested, diffidently. "I might be able to explain why I have come, Mr. Drummond."

He smiled for the first time, faintly, mockingly.

"Of course," he agreed. "We can scarcely air our soiled linen in public, even in a remote place like Kirkleyhead."

"I'd hoped you would understand," she said. "I've come on Penny's behalf—"

He picked up her case, moving across the road to his parked car.

"Do you always go about shouldering your sister's responsibilities, Miss Thornton?" he asked.

"Penny and I are twins," Jane answered, almost defensively. "We help each other where we can."

"I see." His tone was dry. "Did Penny send you on this errand, or did you come of your own free will?"

"A—little of both," Jane was forced to admit. It had been on the tip of her tongue to say that she had come because she was sorry for him, but how could she tell this man that she pitied him? "It has all been—rather a shock."

He turned to look at her as they reached the car, his grey eyes searching hers without pity. Jane had no way of telling if he had guessed the full implication of her unexpected visit. It was as if he wore a mask, out of which the calculating grey eyes surveyed her unrelentingly.

She heard the bus start up again, and in a few seconds it came slowly towards them and passed, gathering speed as it swept down the hill and disappeared.

It was only when it was out of sight that she remembered what the conductress had told her. There was only one bus a day.

"Will you get in?" Adam asked, holding the car door open. He had already put her case on to the back seat, where a large collie surveyed them and wagged its tail in welcome. "Wisp's all right. You needn't worry about him."

Adam got in behind the wheel and drove away.

They were right in the heart of the Cheviots, on a spur of the lonely fells that led up and over the Border, isolated, remote and so utterly alone that Jane could feel her companion's presence dominating her every thought.

She glanced up at Adam's sombre face, seeing the darkly-concentrated frown between his heavy black brows, and the harshness of his tightly-compressed mouth as something she would have to contend with as best she could. It was too late now to wish that she had never come.

Unexpectedly, he pulled up on the brow of the next hill.

"What made Penny change her mind?" he demanded abruptly.

Jane drew in a quick breath, trying to force her voice to some semblance of calmness before she answered.

"I'm not quite sure. I've been convalescing after an accident, and I was staying in the Lake District when Penny wrote to me."

"I see," he said. "Very convenient—for Penny."

She turned towards him, her eyes darkened by her concern.

"Please try to understand," she begged. "It would have been no use—not after Penny discovered that she was in love with—someone else. It's better to make a—clean break at the beginning than to go on pretending."

Her words fell into a small, brittle silence.

"So, that was it?" Adam Drummond mused. "She fell in love with someone else."

A flicker of something that might have been amusement broke in the grey eyes, although Jane could not believe that this man would be easily amused by such a situation.

"**W**ON'T you try to make allowances?" she asked. "Penny wouldn't mean to hurt you. That's why I'm here. She didn't want to write, to—break it to you in such a cruel way. Whatever you may think," she hurried on staunchly, "Penny is sensitive. She can't bear to hurt anyone."

"It would depend, of course, on the degree of hurt, and how it would affect herself," he suggested stonily. "That's generally how a woman reasons, isn't it?"

"No!" Jane protested. "You are wrong! We're not all the same, in spite of what you think. I can't blame you, of course," she added more gently. "This must have been a dreadful shock to you..."

He did not confirm nor deny her statement, and his expression told her nothing.

"I ought not to have come," she said involuntarily. "It was presumptuous of me, thinking that I could make it any easier for you."

"I'm taking you to High Tor," he said, with an air of decision that would not brook a refusal. "I need your help, and, in any case, you could not get back to Thorpe Newell to-night."

"But—your family?" Jane protested. "Won't they find it difficult to accept me? It will all be—rather embarrassing," she added nervously.

"It's because of my family that I'm taking you there," he returned grimly. "I'm not doing it for my own pleasure, I can assure you."

Abruptly, he turned to face her, and for a moment she saw desperation on his hard face.

"I've told you that I need your help," he said. "You can put it that I feel you—or Penny—owe it to me, if you like. Two days ago, my mother was laid low with a stroke. She has been given less than a week to live." His face hardened into an emotionless mask again. "For that week, at least, I wish her to believe that my marriage will go on. I wish you to take Penny's place."

(To be continued.)

HOME CHAT

MRS. ARCHER'S COUNTRY SCRAPBOOK.

(Continued from page 15.)

He said he was wanted on the telephone and found that it was Hollerton police on the line. They warned him that he was nearly "pinched" for speeding that morning. He protested—with perfect truth—that he hadn't had his car out at all that particular morning. The police agreed with him, but said that he'd ridden his horse along the road and he'd been carefully timed over a measured distance. The horse's speed for this distance was thirty-two miles an hour and the police wished him to take warning that if he did it again in a restricted area they'd have to charge him!

D'you think he was pulling my leg? He swears he wasn't... but I know Reggie of old.

I was browsing round John Gregorran's antique shop, the other day, and I came across an enormous metal dish—about the size of a large meat-dish with a false bottom, or—to be more exact—the whole dish was a flat, hollow receptacle. John told me it was what the Victorians called a "Hot Water Dish" and it was used extensively, fifty or more years ago, to keep hot the Sunday joint. The dish was filled with boiling water, and meat was placed on it. In this way, both the joint and the gravy were kept piping hot while father did the carving, and even "second-helpings" weren't either lukewarm or downright cold, as they usually are. It seemed a good idea to me, and in the days when food had to be brought quite a distance from kitchen to dining table, it must have been a real boon.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, I finally bought it from John, and I'll report back on whether it fulfils its purpose as well to-day as it did half a century ago. My own kitchen isn't so modern that I can afford to pass by what seems a very cheap and effective hot plate.

Now I've run out of space, and I'd quite a lot more to say to you. So I'll save it for next week.



"WHOOOPS! Mind you don't drop that egg, 'Smudge'!"

October 4th, 1958

Ask Mrs. Jim

SHARE your personal worries with our wise "Mrs. Jim"—her advice has helped thousands of readers. Write to her at the address on the next page, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for her confidential reply.



Photo: Dorothy Wilding.

Dear "Mrs. Jim,"—A friend with whom I'd lost touch, many years ago, has suddenly cropped up again, and expects to be just as friendly as when we were in our teens! I find we now have nothing in common. I'm unmarried and a professional artist—she is wrapped up in her home, husband and children. She often "pops in" uninvited, to sit and watch me work, while chatting gaily about trivialities. What can I do? This friendship seems to me such a waste of time—our interests are so vastly different.

TELL her frankly that you cannot work with people around. Whether sitting at your drawing board or not, you are always planning ideas and have to be alone to think constructively. Tell her not to be hurt, but you never see anyone except by appointment and then fix a date for the end of the following week, or the one after! But—on the other hand, my dear—don't underestimate the value of a complete change! I personally find it relaxing and refreshing to be sometimes with people who think differently, and who lead lives entirely different from my own. Don't always seek your own type.—To "Laura K." (Hampstead).

Daughter in Trouble.

My eighteen-year-old daughter is in serious trouble, and I'm at my wits' end to know how to advise her. The boy concerned seems very unstable—always in and out of jobs, and so insanely jealous of her that she is often in tears. I think she only wants to marry him now for the child's sake. She admits to me that he makes her very unhappy. Would it be better to cut him right out of her life and get the child adopted? I have not dared to tell my husband about this...

THE position of an unmarried mother is such a difficult and unhappy one that I always advise marriage if it is reasonably possible. Your daughter has a duty to the unborn child as well as to herself, and the boy concerned may not be as hopeless as you think. He wants to marry your daughter, and at one time she must have been in love with him. Also, there is always the chance that when faced with the responsibility of marriage and parenthood, a man will pull himself together. I think you should tell your husband about this and let him have a serious talk with the lad, making it clear that your daughter's condition is no guarantee that he would consent to the marriage, and that the boy must prove his worth first.—To "J.K."

Piece-bag Problem.

I do quite a lot of dressmaking, and am wondering if there is any charity or organisation which could make use of my left-over oddments of material.

YES, I do know of a hospital whose occupational therapy department would be very glad to have your "bits." Its patients have lately discovered the fascination of patchwork. If you'll write to me again, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, I'll tell you the address.—To "Jane P."

★ ★ ★ ★

Just A Moment.

WE all get lonely sometimes, feel the need for company, however self-sufficient we may think ourselves to be. The girl who seems quite happy in her little one-roomed flat may long for you to ask her in for supper and a chat. Don't fear that you're intruding, then, and let the chance go by of making friends with someone not stand-offish... only shy!

Elizabeth Richards.

THROUGH THE VALLEY TO THE KINGDOM

THIS is the story of a man who walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and, climbing the hill beyond it, heard the secret of everlasting life.

East of Jerusalem, between the Mount of the Temple and the Mount of Olives, there runs the ravine of the Kedron brook, which is sometimes called the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The prophet Joel, hundreds of years before Christ, spoke of it as the Valley of Decision, and linked it with the fate of great multitudes of people—a fact recalled by its strategic importance in the Middle East of to-day. But I have called it the Valley of the Shadow of Death, because Jesus of Nazareth, riding in from Bethany, traversed it on His way to Jerusalem and Calvary.

He came by the Jericho road, notoriously haunted by bandits, and along this same road, at dead of night, a man once went out to talk with Him secretly.

This man was a Jewish rabbi, by name, Nicodemus. He belonged to the Sanhedrin, the High Court of his people, most of whose members were violently hostile to the young peasant preacher from Galilee; but he was gravely disturbed by their attitude because Jesus, who had come up for the Passover, was not only preaching an electrifying Gospel, but demonstrating His teaching by miracles.

So, risking position and even life, Nicodemus stole out from the sleeping city and, with the Passover moon for a lantern, walked two miles over the windy shoulder of the Mount of Olives, to Bethany, where He was staying.

And there, when, as an honest inquirer, he began with a reference to miracles, Christ told him about the Kingdom of God, His spiritual kingdom all about us, in which there are no

miracles, as men commonly think of them, for the simple reason that there are no impossibilities. The very essence of His Gospel, as He explained it, was the offer to all men, there and then, which to us means here and now, of a new birth to a higher life, which does not end with the death of the body.

Far though man has fallen from the high estate for which God created him, his spirit can be quickened again by the power of the Spirit of God, enabling him to perceive the Kingdom as a reality, to grasp the perfection of its law, and to live as one of its citizens.

How could these things be? asked Nicodemus. They were as much a fact, replied Jesus, as the invisible wind, which he took for granted although he couldn't understand it. And God had sent Him to tell men about them "that the world through Him might be saved." ("Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.")

Did Rabbi Nicodemus become a Christian? All that the Bible tells us is that he pleaded with the Sanhedrin to give Christ a fair hearing, and that after the Crucifixion, he helped to prepare our Lord's body for burial. But the seed had been sown in his heart, and there is some reason to think that it sprang up with the Resurrection, as the sequel to which, tradition says, he sought out Peter and was baptised by him.

What though he was deprived of his High Court office, beaten and banished from Jerusalem? The Romans had laid Jerusalem in ruins when he died peacefully, under a friendly roof, in the country. Death, one feels, would have held no fear for the man who walked through the Valley to the Kingdom.

A Prayer for the Week:

Father, teach me, by Thy Spirit, the truths of the Kingdom of God.

Here are the week's Bible readings. **Sunday:** John 3. 1-17. **Monday:** Joel 3. 11-14. **Tuesday:** Psalm 23. 4; Luke 10. 30. **Wednesday:** Mark 10. 27. **Thursday:** 2 Corinthians 4. 18. **Friday:** Zechariah 4. 6. **Saturday:** John 7. 45-52, 19. 38-40.

WHERE TO WRITE

Antiques.....**INGRID SOMERS**
Careers.....**PAULINE BOUCHIER**
Gardening.....**MARY ROSE**
Holidays.....**JENNIFER SHAW**
Social Services.....**MRS. MCCLURE**
Beauty.....**EILEEN TERRY**

c/o **HOME CHAT,**
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
LONDON, E.C.4.

(Mrs. McClure regrets that she cannot answer Income Tax queries.)

Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query.

BEST PAPER PATTERNS SHOWN in this publication . . . can be obtained by post only from: **HOME CHAT Paper Pattern Dept., P.O. Box 653, 21 Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.4, England.**

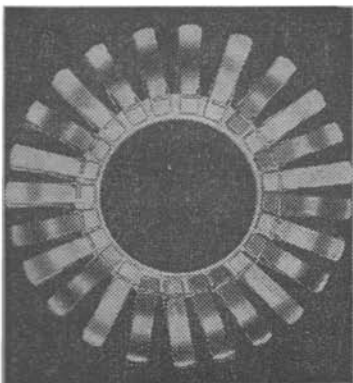
The patterns featured are cut in 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust sizes unless otherwise stated, and packed in special descriptive envelopes. Prices apply also to patterns bought by overseas readers.

SPECIAL NOTE: Please send your remittance by **POSTAL ORDER** and not in stamps. Cross the P.O. by writing the words "and Co." across it and make it payable to "The Amalgamated Press, Ltd." When ordering patterns, please be sure to state size required, and also to quote the pattern number.

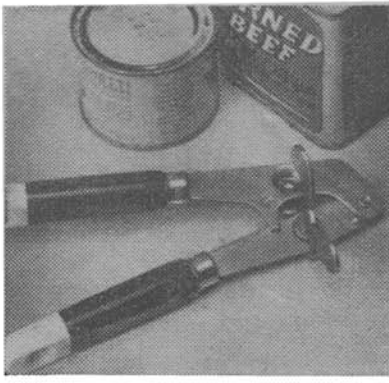
Printed in England and published every Thursday by The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland £1 18s. 0d. for 12 months, 19s. 0d. for 6 months. Overseas (except Canada) £1 11s. 0d. for 12 months, 15s. 6d. for 6 months. Canada £1 3s. 6d. for 12 months, 11s. 9d. for 6 months. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons, Ltd. **HOME CHAT** is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade; except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.—Saturday, October 4th, 1958.



1



2



3

HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE

WHAT'S new in the shops? What are the housewives rushing to buy? Here are some of the latest ideas for time-saving gadgets.

* * *

1. The "Jury" Housemaid is designed to carry your "tools" when you're cleaning around the house. The top consists of two deep trays, in which you can put all your polishes and cloths, and the tall bottles and cartons will stand easily in the bottom. Available in red, green, blue or yellow, it costs 25s. 5d.

* * *

2. The "Pic-A-Peg" makes pegging up the washing easier. On a plastic ring that slips over the wrist are clipped 24 plastic pegs. Both hands are then free to lift up the garments and you can take a peg as you want it. Price: 4s. 6d.

* * *

3. Here's a strong new "Sky-line" can opener with a rotating cutter wheel that gives a clean cut on any shape rim. The comfortable, extra-strong handle's enamelled in red and white. Price: 7s. 6d.

* * *

4. "Vanity" have designed a gay new nursery quilt, filled with Terylene, and covered with animal-patterned spongeable Everglaze Chintz that's easy to keep clean. The quilt is slightly larger than cot size so that it will tuck in well. Price: approx. £4 19s. 6d.

* * *

5. The "Sky-line" "Cook-and-Carry" tin has a base to use for roasting or cake-baking and a lid that makes a baking sheet. Also, the slide-on lid, fitted to the base, converts it into a sandwich tin to carry lunch to work or on a journey. Its size is 13 by 9½ by 1½ inches. Price: 5s. 9d.

* * *

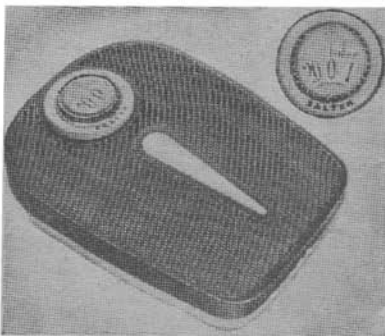
6. Check up on your weight with the Salter "Mayfair" personal weighing machine. The scale weighs up to 20 stone, has a non-slip platform of black ribbed rubber, and is made in powder blue, April pink, spring green, primrose, and white. Price: 76s. 8d.



4



5



6

For birthdays * Christmas
and surprise gifts

CHILDREN LOVE TO GET THESE COLOURFUL ANNUALS

Gay and colourful books packed with pages of fun and entertainment. The perfect present for all occasions and the gift you'll want to give—sooner or later!

Make your choice from this list.

For the very young

BABY'S OWN ALL COLOUR ANNUAL 7s. 6d.

For ages 5 to 8 years

THE JACK AND JILL ANNUAL BOOK 7s. 6d.
JACK AND JILL'S FUN IN TOYLAND ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
PLAYHOUR ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
TINY TOTS ANNUAL 7s. 6d.

For ages 8 to 16 years

BILLY THE KID BOOK OF PICTURE STORIES 7s. 6d.
FILM FUN ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
GIRLS' CRYSTAL ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
KIT CARSON'S COWBOY ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
KNOCKOUT ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
LION ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
RADIO FUN ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
ROBIN HOOD ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
SCHOOL FRIEND ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
SCHOOL FRIEND PETS ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
TIGER ANNUAL 7s. 6d.
"TIGER" BOOK OF ROY OF THE ROVERS 7s. 6d.
T.V. FUN ANNUAL 7s. 6d.

For all cinema-goers

PICTURE SHOW ANNUAL 9s. 0d.

★
NOW ON SALE

at all newsagents
and bookstalls

Easy to send—
a joy to receive